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VISITING AMERICAN CAVES by Howard Sloan and Russell Gurnee. A travel book of caves throughout the U.S. with information about history, seasons open, facilities for accommodation etc. \$4.95.

HOW TO RETIRE IN MEXICO on \$2.47 a Day by Eugene Woods. Presents an enticing pre-retirement plan that's workable. Also, good travel information. Paperback, 95c.

BAJA CALIFORNIA OVERLAND by L. Burr Belden. Practical guide to Lower California as far as La Paz by auto with material gleaned from extension study trip sponsored by Univ. of Calif. Includes things to see and accommodations. Paperback. \$1.95.

Christmas celebrations are being held in all communities throughout the West. Since they are too numerous to list, check the local chamber of commerce in the area you plan to visit for times and places.

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Color Photographs for Desert

Starting with January we are adding more color photographs to DESERT Magazine. We like to use material from our readers. Color transparencies must be either 2¼ X 2¼ or 4 X 5 vertical. We pay \$35.00 for each transparency used. Please enclose stamped return envelope. Send to Photo Editor, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California 92260.

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In the Spirit of Christmas

"Journeys with
Saint Francis of Assisi"
"Brooms of Mexico"

Illustrated in delightful 4-color by artist Ted De Grazia, whose Hallmark Christmas cards are world famous, and written by Alvin Gordon, those two books will make perfect Christmas gifts.

"Journeys with Saint Francis of Assisi" describes in free verse the need for the continuing faith in Our Little Brother of Assisi in today's harassed world. Heavy art paper, 6x10 inches, hard cover, 4-color jacket. **\$6.75** (plus 27 cents tax for California addresses).

"Brooms of Mexico" is a free-verse ballad about the "little people" of Mexico. Author of several books on Mexico, Gordon is noted for his unique depictions of Indian and Mexican "pobrecitos." Heavy art paper, 6 1/4 x 9 3/8, hard cover, 4-color jacket. **\$6.75** (plus 27 cents for California addresses).

AUTOGRAPH PARTY

Artist Ted De Grazia will be in the Desert-Southwest Art Gallery, Highway 111, Palm Desert, Calif. on Saturday, December 3, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. to autograph his books. Don't miss the chance to meet this famous artist.

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New Books for Desert Readers

TERRIBLE TRAIL: the Meek
Cutoff, 1845

By *Keith Clark and Lowell Tiller*

This book was written with several goals in mind—to wipe away some of the mystery and misinformation associated with the historic Meek Cutoff, to narrate the passage of the emigrant train whose tragic experience rivaled that of California's Donner Party, and to lay the ground work for a solution to the Blue Bucket lost gold.

In 1845 emigrant parties reached old Fort Boise on the Snake River, but ahead of them still lay tortuous miles through the Blue Mountains and down the Columbia to The Dalles. A shortcut to avoid some of this seemed to have been discovered by Stephen H. L. Meek, who persuaded 200 families to follow him through the trackless desert country of central Oregon.

Somewhere along this route to the Willamette Valley, a group of these people stumbled onto gold, only to lose sight of it again. For over 100 years searchers have traced and retraced the trail, but the source of the gold has never been located. This book throws a new light on it's possible recovery.

With maps and illustrations, this 244-page, hardcover book is \$4.00.

MINES OF THE EASTERN SIERRA

By *Mary DeDecker*

Mono County, California, established in 1861 with its county seat, Aurora, mistakenly located in Nevada, was first to contribute color to mining history along the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, followed in 1866 by Inyo County. In this well-written paperback, the author traces the frenetic rush of mining activity from the day '49ers drifted back to the crest of the sierras to see what they'd passed over in their initial scramble, up to the present day. Included are clear directions to century-old mines with photos, sketches and maps, as well as recounts of the famous Lost Gunsight and the Lost Cement Mines which still lure prospectors. With 72 pages, the book costs \$1.95.

Books reviewed may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Order Department, Palm Desert, California 92260. Please include 25c for handling. California residents must add 4% sales tax. Enclose payment with order.

ART TREASURES IN THE WEST

By *William Davenport and the editors of Sunset*

This very superior book could be interpreted as a guided tour through art museums of the West, although it is far more than that. Even Italian immigrant Rodia's fantastic Watts towers, assembled with seashells, mosaic, fragments of glass, iron, wire and concrete is featured, with directions for finding it in Los Angeles. Permanent exhibits in private colleges, such as Mills in Oakland, as well as private and publicly sponsored galleries are noted with full color reproductions of some of their treasures. The collections feature American and European artists of all schools and regional artists as far north as British Columbia, east to Phoenix, and west to Hawaii. In addition to commentaries about individual sculptures and paintings, there is a special supplement with a guide to museums, glossary of art terms, capsule art history, biography of artists, etc. Hardcover, large format, 320 pages, \$11.75.

KERN RIVER VALLEY CENTENNIAL VIGNETTES

By *Ardis M. Walker*

From 1866 to 1966, this valley has seen a lot of life. Places like Whiskey Flat, Big Blue Mill, Bull Run Creek, La Mismo Gulch and Harley Mine gave berth to bandits like Vasquez, cattle kings like Bill Landers, merchants like Andrew Brown, Chinese miners, good and bad Indians, and good and bad whites. In his vignettes, the author gives an historic panorama rich with human drama which extends up to the day Lake Isabella's waters and the present population explosion determined a new twist to Kern Valleys' destiny. Paperback, 69 pages, \$1.95.



PICK FOR '66 FROM THE BEST IN FULL COLOR WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS



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T 666 Thinkin' of you—With friendly greetings of the Season and Happiness throughout the New Year—by Charles Paris



T 668 Making Christmas Calls—May the meaning of Christmas be deeper, friendships stronger, etc.—by Joe Stahley



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T 674 Sleighbells in the Sky—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—by Bernard P. Thomas



T 675 Candles on the Desert Altar—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—by John Hilton



T 678 Visiting Hours—Best Wishes at Christmas and Happy New Year from our outfit to yours!—by Jack N. Swanson

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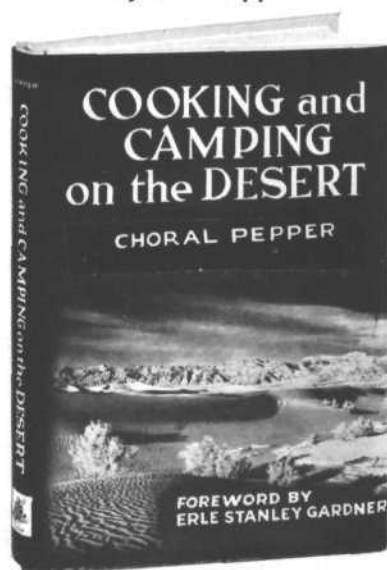
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with a chapter on

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by Jack Pepper



"Cooking and Camping on the Desert" is more than just a book on preparing for a desert outing or making meals that will appeal while in camp. This book is a brief manual on how to survive in the desert... the book is a must for anyone making a trip to the desert, whether it is his first or fiftieth. **BILL HILTON, Santa Barbara News-Press.**

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New Books for Desert Readers

SIX FACES OF MEXICO

Edited by Russell C. Ewing

The six faces are history, people, geography, government, economy, literature and art. Here, in heavy, large format, is presented a text-type compilation by seven authorities who have lived and worked with the Mexican people in an area of professional research. The historical theme covers the arrival of Cortes to the modern republic; custom, language and dress are discussed; the physical variations of this fantastic land; the development of democracy from colonial times to the present federal state; Mexico's contrasts in agrarianism and industrialization and its legacy of literary and artistic creativity. Everything from ancient methods of weaving still used in Oaxaca to a geological description of volcanic peaks is covered and although the material is presented in too pedantic a style to make for exciting reading, the book is very informative. Hardcover, 319 pages. \$10.00.

CACTI OF CALIFORNIA

By E. Yale Dawson

The more we explore, the more we learn about cacti—just recently a new species of California prickly pear was named and two are reported for the first time in this book. Descriptions, where to find them, popular names as well as botanical names, drawings and full-color photographs are all included. Convenient size to carry into the field. Paperback, 64 pages, \$1.50.

LINCK'S DIARY 1766 EXPEDITION

Ernest J. Burrus, S.J.

Translated into English, edited and annotated by the author, this important addition to the Baja California Travels Series is one of the most interesting. Jesuit missionary Linck's 1766 expedition to the northeastern regions of the peninsula and the Colorado River delta was not totally successful, as he did not quite reach the Colorado River, but he did map water sources and mountain passes between the Gulf and the Pacific which established routes for a subsequent mission trail throughout Lower California. He reported on the attitude of natives, their customs, languages, and social organization, as well as the flora and

fauna encountered between San Borja Mission and the 31st parallel, slightly north of San Felipe. A map with his route reconstructed is included. Hardcover, 115 pages, \$10. Limited to 600 copies.

THE CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Harry P. Bailey

Since the entire world is interested in California's climate, the author has here presented a comprehensive explanation of this state's varying climatic regions in a readable, informative paper edition. Discussed are the maritime fringe, transition and mountain climates, low and high deserts, Santa Ana winds, fire, flood, drought, and smog. Colored illustrations. 87 pages, \$1.75.

THE WAGONMASTERS

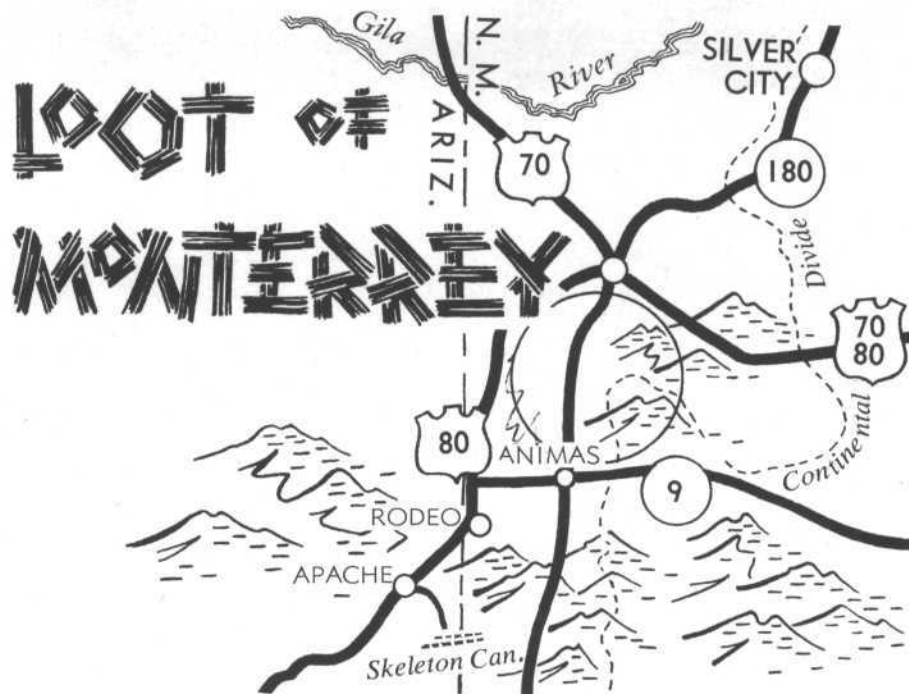
By Henry Pickering Walker

From 1882, when the first wagons were used in the Santa Fe trade, until 1880 when the completion of major railroad lines made wagon trains obsolete, wagon freighting was essential to the growth of the American West. Draft animals had to be provided for the wagon trains, rations for their crews, and wagons themselves had to be transshipped from river steamers to wagons, facts which rendered the men who worked on wagons direct descendants of the bargemen and keelboatmen of canals and rivers. Bullwackers and muleskinners were a breed apart, whose distinctive language added a lusty flavor to American speech. The business was hard, dirty and dangerous, but it produced heroes, unsung until now. Filling a gap in Western history, this well researched book thoroughly exhausts the subject. Hardcover, 347 pages, \$5.95.

MINES OF DEATH VALLEY

By L. Burr Belden

Another good paperback by this popular historian who probably knows Death Valley as well as anyone alive. Here is told the story of fabulous mining booms, of men who braved burning sands to find bonanza, and Belden's own ideas about the Lost Gunsight, the Lost Breyfogle and an explanation of the Lost Mormon Diggins. This well-illustrated book is one you want to have. \$1.95.



By reader request DESERT Magazine will reprint a series of articles written by the dean of lost mine yarns, John Mitchell, which appeared originally in 1940 and 1941.

SOMEWHERE along the old New Mexico trail that runs from Shakespeare to Skeleton Canyon is a shallow mining shaft containing riches that would be quite astonishing to the original owner of the prospect hole were he to return there.

According to the story current in this region, the original prospector found a small stringer of gold, but it pinched out before he had gone many feet beneath the surface—and the hole was abandoned. No one knows the location of this shaft, but today it is believed to contain 25 mule loads of gold and silver bars and buckskin bags of Spanish coins and jewelry.

The gold and silver bullion was stolen from the mint and smelter, and the jewels from the cathedral at Monterrey, Mexico. It is known as the "Monterrey loot," and for a time was buried in Skeleton Canyon near the little town of Rodeo, New Mexico.

The bandit gang that stole the treasure and buried it was composed of Jim Hughes, Zwing Hunt, "Doc" Neal and Red Curley. Hughes was the leader, and he and his men were said to have been mixed up in the Lincoln county war in which Billy the Kid was the central figure.

Forming an alliance with the notorious Estrada gang, Hughes and his partners stole 25 U. S. government mules and

then crossed the border into Mexico. They robbed the mint, smelter and cathedral at Monterrey and returned to United States territory with booty estimated to be worth \$800,000. Shortly after returning to Texas bad feeling developed between the Estrada men and the Hughes gang, and the feud ended in a gunfight in which the Mexicans were wiped out.

The treasure was buried temporarily in Skeleton canyon and Zwing Hunt, who had been wounded in the battle, was left to guard it. Other members of the band continued their raids on mining camps and stages in Arizona and New Mexico. Their last crime was the murder of a farmer and his son and the theft of their wagon and ox teams.

Hunt had recovered from his wound, and it was decided to load the treasure, which now amounted to over a million dollars, in the wagon and head for Silver City.

Two days from Skeleton Canyon, a distance estimated between 40 and 50 miles, the unshod oxen became so crippled from travel over the sharp rocks they were unable to continue.

That night the loot was carried up a hill and dumped into the abandoned shaft. Two buckskin bags of jewelry and church plate were thrown in the hole on top of the money and bullion, and the shallow shaft filled with rocks and

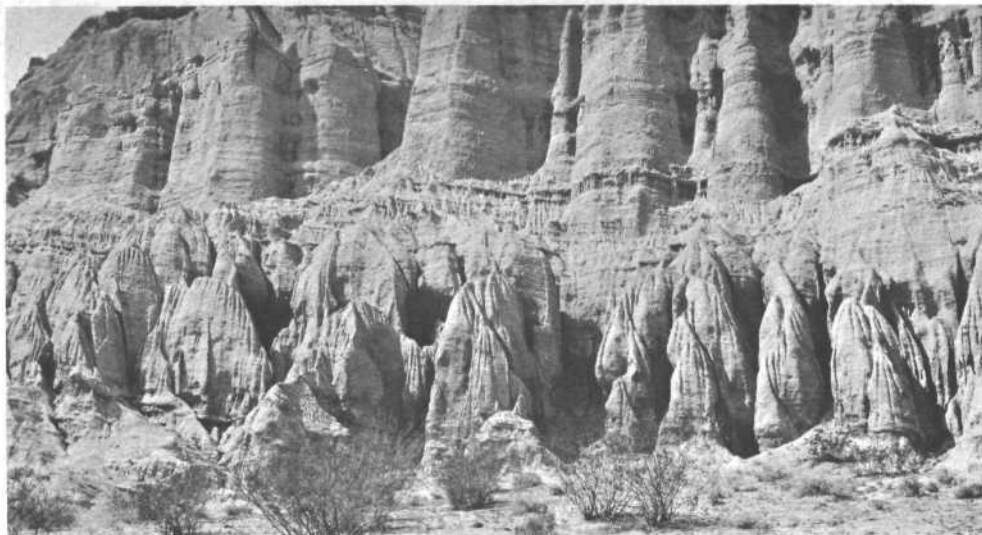
gravel from the dump. The oxen were turned loose to shift for themselves. The woodwork of the wagon was burned.

The bandits had taken what money they could carry conveniently, and when they reached Silver City they spent it freely. Heavy drinking led to a gunfight in which a young easterner was killed by one of the bandits, and the entire gang immediately dispersed to the hills with a posse after them. Neal was shot and died instantly. Hunt was wounded and taken to Tombstone where he subsequently escaped and was reported to have been killed by Apache Indians.

Red Curley and Hughes were overtaken and captured at Shakespeare where they were well known for their depredations, and both were hung from a rafter in the dining room of the Pioneer House.

Curley offered to take his captors to the buried loot if the noose were taken from his neck, but the request was refused—and with his death none remained who knew the location of the treasure-filled mine shaft.

Prospectors have searched the area, and doodlebug gold hunters have made many trips into the region of Skeleton Canyon and as far away as El Muerto springs—but the old shaft probably has acquired a covering of desert vegetation by now, and the recovery of the fortune is considered unlikely unless some one accidentally comes upon the spot. □



The Worshippers Rock.

Have One on the Rocks!

by Noreen Gammil

OUR IMAGINATIONS play queer tricks on us when traveling in desert land where nature sometimes went on a holiday and created some side shows of her own.

Take, for instance, the huge mushroom emerging from a sea of sand in Death Valley. There, leaning crazily against a low rocky hillside, it would stop Cyclops in his tracks.

On the highway heading north to Nevada through Red Rock in California, there's a spirit mountain surrounded with worshippers at its feet. This formation was caused by erosion and is rightfully titled "The Worshippers."

Mount Wilson, formerly one of Cali-

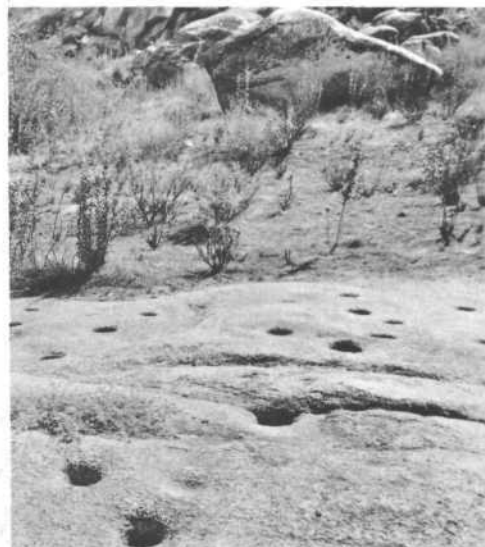
fornia's famous mountain resorts, boasts a rock sculpture named by early settlers. It's the "Old Man of the Mountain" and you couldn't possibly mistake it. Further south, near Hemet, an interesting rock presents a maze which has long puzzled archeologists. Pecked into the stone by early Indians, it is the only large rock for miles around. In the same vicinity are also the famous metate rocks where early tribes ground their corn.

You can take trips to beautiful lakes, enjoy picturesque waterfalls and National Parks, but there's something sort of special about these whimsies of man and nature when you come upon them without notice and identify them on your own. □

The Hemet Maze.



Metate rocks for grinding corn.





Old Man of the mountains.

Death Valley mushroom.



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Asian Native Conquers Desert Sands

by Frank L. Brooks, Jr.

TRAVELERS moving along combined U. S. 60, 70, and 99 in the desert west of Indio, California, marvel at the twin rows of evergreen trees paralleling the freeway in a seemingly endless chain, a verdant contrast to the bleak, dry, sand-swept surroundings.

The clue to the why and how of this welcome greenery lies in the stretch of wood ties and steel ribbons of rail that run between the rows of trees—the Southern Pacific Railroad Company's mainline across the desert.

And therein is a story not concluded yet. Southern Pacific is still planting trees and sandblasted residents in desert communities are taking a leaf from their conservation lesson.

For years Southern Pacific has been plagued with blow sand piling onto roadbeds, plugging switches, sandblasting equipment and damaging both tracts and rolling stock. The problem has grown more severe in recent years because highway construction and the development of subdivisions, as these expose even more raw, sandy soil to the wind.

Although prevailing winds from the west and northwest can blow anytime of year, they come mostly in the spring. Sand carried along the surface of the ground is a very sharp, abrasive quartz material. Moved by winds up to 30 or 40 miles per hour, the particles cut into wooden utility poles and fence posts, abrade metal and severely scour glass. This sand of keen grinding ability collects around cross-ties in the ballast of the roadbed. Trains passing over the track create movement which damages wooden ties and loosens iron spikes and plates securing the rails.

Abrasive sand between the surface of wheels and rails produces a grinding or rolling effect which rapidly wears away to replace 10 miles of track between

Thousand Palms and Garnet, near Indio, a few years ago at a cost of several million dollars.

Another operational hazard is the accumulation of sand in switches which makes it necessary to run trains at slower speeds. This, of course, increases costs.

This stretch of railroad is in the Coachella Valley Soil Conservation District—a state chartered, locally supervised arm of government which had been coordinating soil and water conservation work for and among farmers and ranchers for years. The U. S. Department of Agriculture Soil Conservation Service provides technical help in the conservation work.

In 1960, railroad officials turned to these agencies for information about control of windblown sand. Based on other experience with just this sort of thing, SCS technicians made some recommendations.

Dikes were constructed with earth-moving equipment to provide traps or storage areas for wayward sand. Then came the trees.

A native of western Asia—Tamarix or Athel—was selected for windbreak planting. Introduced to Southern California as a windbreak tree, it provides protection throughout the year. It is highly tolerant of salty soils, poor-quality water and limited or intermittent supplies of moisture. And it thrives in temperatures as high as 120 degrees Fahrenheit. A deep, extensive root system and rapid rate of growth qualify it as a top windbreak tree.

This species is easily established from cuttings. A single row of these cuttings was planted on each side of 10 miles of the railroad right-of-way, spaced about 18 inches apart to insure dense growth—more than 70,000 cuttings.

A water jet probe was devised to "dig" the thousands of holes for planting the cuttings in the dry, rocky, sandy soil.




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The probe also provided the initial irrigation. Boards were placed on the windward sides to protect the tender growth and lath or picket type fences prevented drifting sand from burying the cuttings.

Irrigation at five-day intervals included fertilizer in the water.

Where did the water come from? A well was drilled, pumps installed and a main pipeline with distribution lines laid to provide water for irrigation along both sides of the track.

As a result, there is today a continuous row of trees on each side of the track, plus additional plantings along both sides of an additional 10 miles. The first trees have reached a height of 30 feet and are effectively stopping sand at the edge of the right-of-way. Once the trees achieve enough height, irrigation will be reduced in frequency and amount to reduce maintenance.

It costs Southern Pacific nearly a quarter of a million dollars for the well, pumps, pipelines, and plantings, but officials are satisfied. So satisfied, that plans are afoot to establish similar protection on other stretches of track.

The example appears to be contagious. Palm Springs, reached from the Interstate route by an arterial which crosses the tree-lined SP trackage at Thousand



Palms, now has an ordinance requiring developers to provide protection. A large subdivision of several hundred acres, Palm Springs Panorama, also has controls in effect, and group action is being carried out by neighboring landowners. The California Division of Highways is developing plans for a windbreak on a stretch of highway adjacent to the railroad.

Soil Conservation Service technicians have hundreds of applications from area landowners requesting assistance in the science of sand control. From the standpoint of the traveler—aside from the safety factor—the conservation project is a thing of fantastic beauty highly in keeping with America's current emphasis on beautification of the countryside. □



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Notes from a Desert Mailbox

by George M. Kehew

AS THOUGH to mimick a frontier dance hall queen, two flagrant palms raise their skirts and expose a wooden keg tucked between their knees. These flippant old palms are among a grove growing in a peaceful oasis called "17 Palms." The oasis, with its healthy flora set against the Santa Rosa mountains, provides a beautiful setting for an old Anza-Borrego custom, the desert mail box. The round, wooden keg, held by the perky old palms, is the mail box itself.

According to legend, before modern man came to bathe his nerves in desert solitude, earlier, less aesthetic men—prospectors, mountain men, railroad surveyors and explorers—stopped at 17 Palms to fill their containers with water from its spring. To alleviate a belly ache caused by its brackishness, they later began to haul their own in canteens, kegs and jars. A few of these early travelers left a jar or two of clear, fresh water for a following party, while it, upon arrival, used the offering and left a jar of its own fresh water in turn. That started the custom.

Sometime prior to 1930, desert travelers then began to leave notes in glass jars as well as water and the desert post office was born. In recent years, after sand buggies, 4-wheelers, trail bikes and other vehicles arrived, a few who were destructive broke the jars. Finally, in 1962,

the park service installed an unbreakable wooden keg in order to perpetrate the custom.

Dated October 20, 1962, by the Barnetts from San Diego, the incident was recorded on a scrap of paper, as follows: Our camper is parked at Split Mountain and we drove here in our 4-wheel drive Nissan Patrol. The weather is just wonderful, sun shining and a nice breeze. Today the rangers installed this barrel for notes because someone with a gun didn't respect the post office and broke the jars. May you enjoy the palms and scenery as much as we did, and leave it just as beautiful for the next visitor.

If anything can be learned from reading the notes left at 17 Palms, it is the fact that the one thing desert travelers do not bring along is writing paper. It is amusing to see how resourceful people become when presented with an opportunity to leave a little bit of themselves for posterity. The mail box contains scraps of brown paper bags, paper plates, credit cards, U.S. Army liberty cards, small pox vaccination slips, sport fishing licenses, cereal box tops, membership club cards, Christmas cards, P.T.A. cards, bowling cards, and one desperate traveler left his automobile pink slip!

Even more interesting, of course, are the notes themselves. These reveal the

warmth of those wonderful people who truly love the desert.

NOTES ABOUT THE WEATHER

Beautiful Day, February 14, 1965. Very tired this morning, tent flapped all night, couldn't sleep. Park is similar to the sea parks, you eat lots of sand. R.M.

March 8, 1960. The flowers were in bloom as we came out the Truckhaven Trail. The breeze was gentle and the birds sang all during our lunch. It surely is nice to escape civilization for awhile. K. P. and M. M., Borrego Springs, California.

December 4, 1963 Wednesday—3:45. A beautiful place for a honeymoon—(here with Mr. Strickler, Park Supervisor). Mr. & Mrs. T. H. G.

March 9, 1963. So damn windy doubt that these palms will last long. R. R. P. U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service

January 2, 1964. David, Millie and Brian (18 months old!) arrived at 17 Palms on a gorgeous, sunny, clear day. Millie drove the Jeep from Fon't Point, while David and Brian put all their trust in God and hoped that 'Mother' knew what she was doing! Got out of wash after rain and good thing, for tremendous flash flood came down! S. E. and B. G.

Anyone who travels across the desert



soon learns to respect his vehicle. This is revealed by the notes about them.

Don and Pete were here in a Red Fire Ball army truck on May 14, 1955.

October 3, 1959. Came in '56 Coupe de Ville. Going was rough in spots, but trip worth it. C. D. M.

The Manns were here February 6, 1961 in '60 Jeep truck with SkyRider Camper. We weigh 9,500 lbs. Hope we get out.

December 13, 1958. Drove from Borrego in '54 Ford (Standard Trans.)

No trouble. Very nice camping. J. & W. G. Sherry and Bill

Here on December 31, 1961 in a 1954 Lincoln. Not a soul in sight. G. N. E. San Diego.

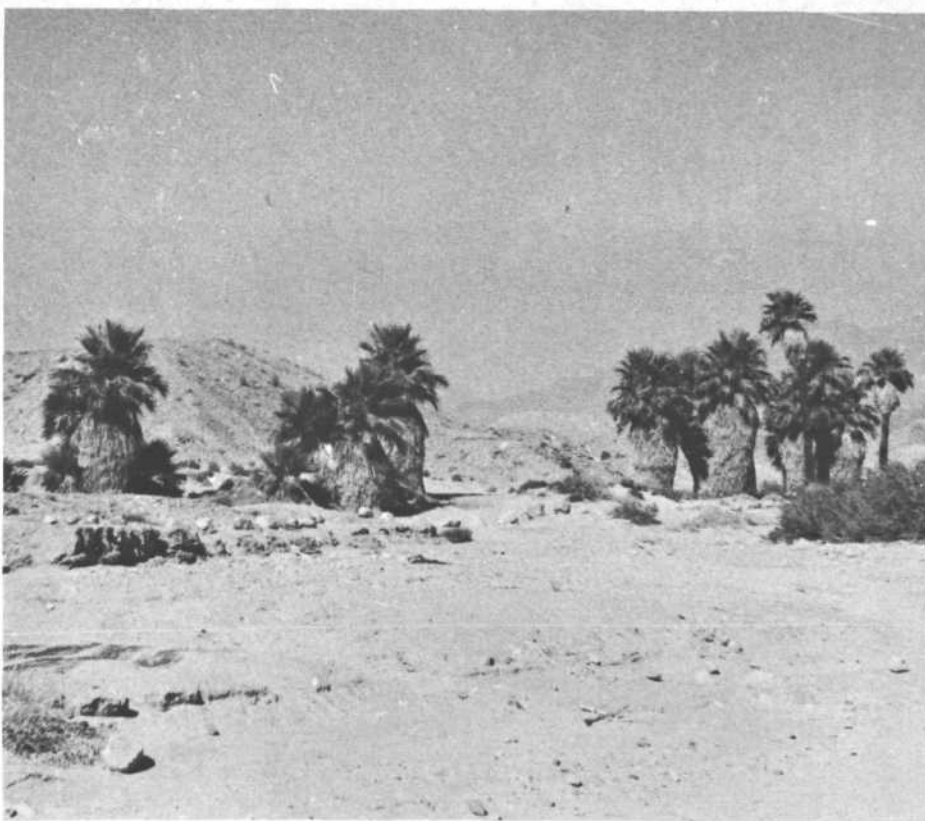
5 Jeeps-1 Scout-1 Jeepster-1 Toyota-1 Land Rover 25 people and 3 dogs February 20, 1965.

Jim and Cookie were here in their Chev Greenbrier Camper. This little camper has been over all the Jeep trails and to all the places in Borrego State Park over the past three years—November 27, 1964.

May 30, 1959. Came in '55 Jeep from Borrego. The same Jeep that took us to Central America in 1955 and to Oaxaca, Mexico in 1957. Looking for the place 'where the green grows'. If we find it we will be close to Peg Leg's mine. J. and M. N. San Diego.

HOLIDAYS, OF COURSE!

January 1, 1965. We are camping tonight in Arroyo Salada, 15 miles downstream, roughly, east of here, about 1/2 miles west of Highway 99 (86?) 1.5 miles east of where power line



Seventeen Palms Oasis.

crosses Arroyo Salada. Happy New Year. D. M. C.

Waiting for the Easter sunrise (full moon tonight). R. H. & T. H. and Prospector "Red"

Thanksgiving Day, 1960. The Wade family in a Jeep. Heading for Pumpkin Patch. Lovely day. No turkey, just ham. Pumpkin pie?

THE DESERT DOES NOT DRY UP HUMOR

February 22, 1964. Eggs broke and cooler dumped water on sleeping bags on rough road. Nice here—birds' eyes shine at night in trees. Nice place to visit, but wouldn't want to live here. We came in 4-wheel drive Scout. C., M. and S. San Diego

February 22, 1958. We sincerely hope you get out of here. We didn't.

Windy and warm. Just wandering—lost half of the time. Mae and Pat, Fred and Joe

Congratulations to those who have enjoyed the trip through the area. Have you taken time to see it? A Desert Rat. HOW SOME ARRIVED AT 17 PALMS

You'll never believe the trouble we've been through to get here. Flat tires, re-hauled the rear end of buggy twice, etc., etc. We finally made it. Happy New Year! The R. S. Family San Diego

May 5, 1962. Smitty, Jane and Ricky made it here after two weeks of driving around this crazy desert. Tally-ho! Now back to San Diego. The Green Hornet

February 12, 1965. Had a hard time finding the place, but it is sure worth all the efforts. We are Dune buggy riding—having fun. V. Q. of San Diego.

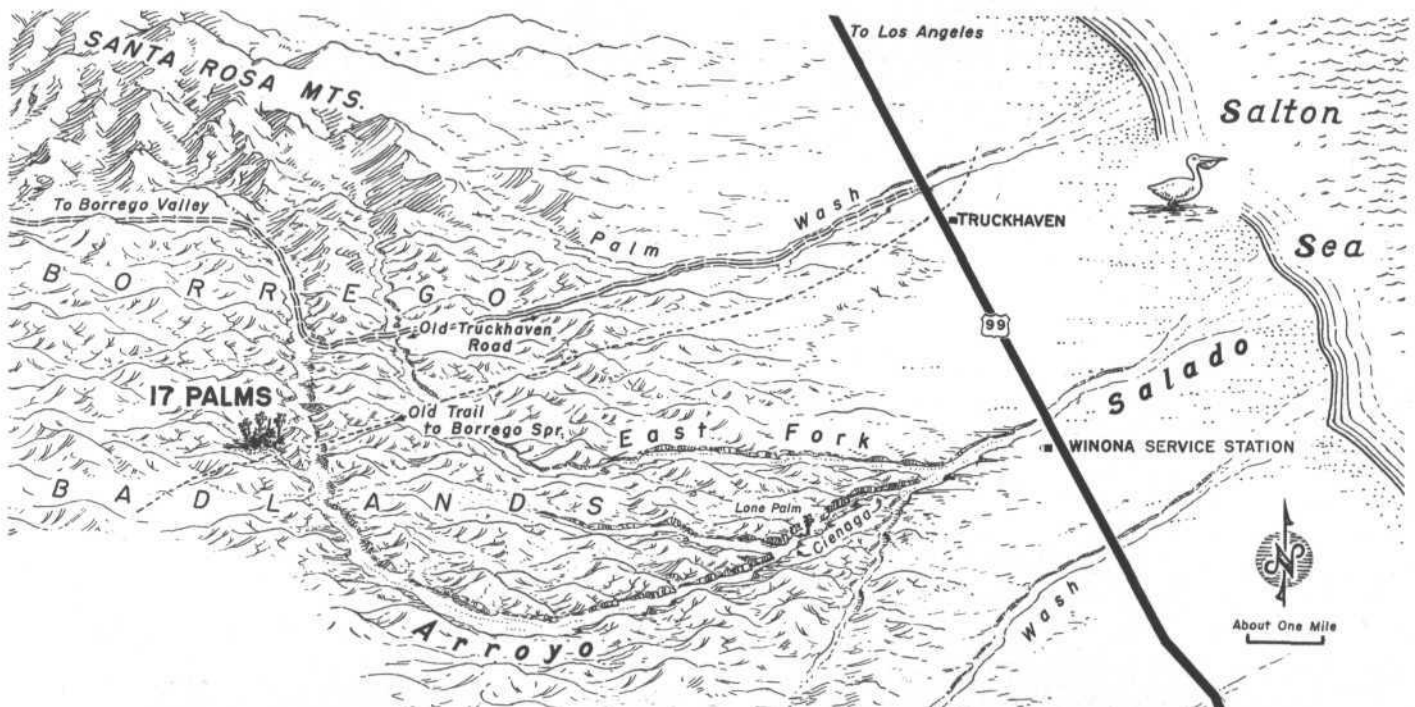
March 31, 1960. Found 17 Palms after many tries. Not a tourist in sight. Hasta. Y. H.

March 5, 1961. Came by '46 Jeep, been to Calcite Mountain going to Pumpkin Patch, back to San Diego tonight. G. B. and J. B. Santee

February 5, 1964. We found our way here today under the guidance of Jeepmaster Mary Fairchild. Ruth and Jack and Duchess, the Dalmation

FROM AS FAR AS PUERTO RICO, AND AS CLOSE AS BORRERO SPRINGS

Danny Parker was here on June 20, 1963 from San Juan, Puerto Rico.



December 23, 1963. I have lived in Borrego for six years and this is the first time I have been here. It is quite a thrill.
Jo Ann

April 13, 1964. Lived in San Diego for many years, spent a lot of time in Borrego Springs, but this is our first time to visit this place. Hope people leave it as it is. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. P

April 29, 1961 See unto yourself. Look at the beauty all around you. He gave us this and he will take care of us. T. H. of Bellflower.

I am very grateful for this fine desert.
B. R. of San Diego

February 23, 1964. Am really enjoying this beautiful country of ours. So exciting. We'll be back. A. and U. J. and L.

AND BACK THEY COME

December 17, 1960. Back again for another crack at the Pumpkin Patch.

W. L. of San Diego. Was here in January of 1959. Back again in January 1960 with my fiancé.

Here April 8, 1951 with Jeep Calvalcade. Here again, April 6, 1952, again with Jeep Calvalcade.

Seventeenth trip to 17 Palms. G. and M. Jones

January 27, 1963. Four years and 11 months since we were here last. Many changes in our lives, but not in this spot. Still peaceful, quiet, and unchanging. C. M. P. Family

To reach 17 Palms travel east from the Pegleg Smith Mounment on the Truckhaven Trail to the fork of the Arroyo Salado. Drive up the Arroyo Salado until you see the 17 Palms yellow marker on your right. Follow the direction on the marker for a short distance to the desert post office. Trails are sandy and until the Truckhaven Trail is paved, it is best to have a 4-wheel drive vehicle, although some hardy souls won't agree:

Why a Jeep in here? I came in here with a GMC Carryall two wheel drive by way of Truckhaven. April 25, 1957. P.S. I hope I get out.

17 Palms lies well within the Borrego Valley Sector of the Anza Borrego Desert State Park. The rules of the park make it clear that you stay on prescribed trails and these trails are patrolled regularly by Ranger Fred Meyers. It is best to come in the cooler months, from October to April. As Joe and Bev put it:

Dear Gladys and George: It is August 21, 1964 and we are leaving you this note so you will know we were here. P.S. It's hot as hell—wish you were here! Joe and Bev. ☐

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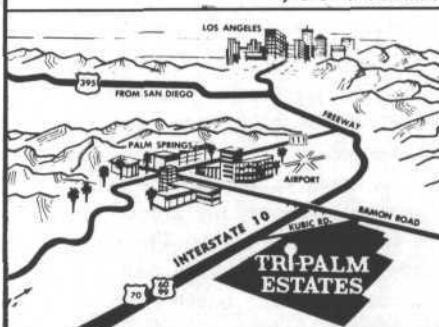
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CASH FOR CREOSOTE

by Helen Brown

DO YOU WANT to make a buck or two in the winter desert? Why not try picking creosote bush for extra cash? In Imperial County, California, where one of the finest stands of creosote bush grows, the William J. Stange Company of Oakland, California, has an extraction plant to take the tarlike substance from the bush and process it for an antioxidant used as a food preservative.

"See," one man said as he showed us his picking methods, "you run your hands down the end of the branches where the young growth is, strip off the ends, and put them in the sack." It is as simple as that.

From late November to March, pickers gather the leaves and twigs. They earn 2c a pound and a steady, fast picker, who knows where the bushes grow thickest, can make \$17 to \$20 a day. A car is essential, but sacks are provided by the company.

The whole idea started back in 1942 when two groups of researchers at the University of Minnesota were working simultaneously on what medicinal uses Indians made of the native plants and on a project searching for a food preservative from natural plants. The two groups pooled their knowledge and came up with an excellent preservative with the

stems. It grows to a height of 5' to 6' and in some protected places from 10' to 12'. One of the best adapted plants on the desert, it grows all over the Southwest and in Old Mexico. The Mexicans call it "little bad smeller," a truly descriptive name, but its odor on the desert is not especially noticeable unless a person gets the stickiness on his hands and clothes. In Imperial County, it is commonly called "greasewood," though it is not a true greasewood bush at all.

In the extraction process, leaves and twigs are softened by steeping in water with caustic sodas and other chemicals



horrendous name of *Nordihydroguaiaretic acid*, more comfortably known as N.D.G.A. antioxidant. The creosote bush is the only plant known to contain this particular antioxidant and it is the most effective *natural* one of any kind known. The Stange Company, with its broad experience in extracting goodies from aromatic herbs and spices, is the only company extracting this acid in our Southwest deserts.

The creosote bush is an evergreen shrub with dark green leaves and dark brown

and the sludge rises in a few hours to the surface of the vats. It is scooped off into metal drums and shipped to Oakland where it is again processed until the colorless, odorless crystals emerge. For years, food processors were annoyed by the impairments of flavor quality in their products during the storage period as a result of atmospheric oxidation. Minute quantities of N.D.G.A. antioxidant are now used to prevent rancidity and off-flavor in animal fats, such as lards, ice cream, whole milk and butter, as well as in deep-fried foods. It even inhibits mold growth and helps to retain the vitamin potencies longer.

Creosote bush picking or stripping, is an easy, pleasant way to make a little money on the desert and you can be your own boss at the same time. For the enlightenment of those nature lovers who want no destruction of the desert plants, the removal of the branch tips in no way damages the plant. In fact the creosote bushes seem to thrive under this form of hit and miss pruning. □

The Magic of Baja

by Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

Exclusive report on recent Erle Stanley Gardner Expedition

DESCRIBED BY a visitor in the early 1800s as "the tail end of an earthquake," Baja California's wild terrain hasn't changed.

Reconnoitering by helicopter east and south of our San Ignacio camp, we hovered over cataclysmal country even an earthquake wouldn't claim. Rarely did we see signs of water among the burned red cinders of the earth, but when we did, ancient walls marked the sites of abandoned rancheritas or mission way stations. Hovering above Cerro San Pedro, a mountain once described as a wind volcano which threw up flames, we noticed a trail winding around its hub. Imprinted in rock by three centuries of burro travel, the path led to a ranch nestled in the shadows of the mountain, then continued across the arroyo through orchards and corrals, to disappear among a melee of wind caves and jumbled lava.

As we circled the ranch, women and children took refuge in the adobe buildings, but the men collected into a brave group above the pasture to watch us descend.

Fortunately, Baja's famous pilot and long-time Gardner friend, Francisco Munoz, had joined the expedition for a few days and accompanied us now. In our poor Spanish we'd have had a hard time explaining the miracle of the helicopter. Considering our dramatic arrival, the poise of these people was remarkable. One child hid herself under a blanket, believing the helicopter had come to destroy the chickens, but by the time we'd visited a few minutes with the men, their families came out to welcome us and the

little frightened girl had already changed into a blue party dress. Immediately we were invited to the ranch house for cool drinks of spring water and presented with quantities of fresh fruit to take back to camp.

Our helicopter was the first motorized vehicle to ever appear here. Although most Mexicans who live on these remote ranches are accustomed to planes flying overhead, never before had an aircraft hovered so closely above their heads nor settled down in their own field. And, of



The people of Guadalupe overcame their fright of the helicopter after we landed.



Reproduction of the Virgin of Guadalupe is only remaining possession of original mission. Below is tombstone from mission days, unsettled by the elements.



course, auto travel along steep, mountainous burro trails is impossible.

This ranch was the original site of the Jesuit Guadalupe Mission. Established in 1720, it survived famines, epidemics and a structural castastrophe which killed a number of neophytes when a wall collapsed. In 1795 it was finally abandoned. Its claim to fame, however, is not its endurance so much as its proximity to the forest where Padre Ugarte obtained his wood to build the famous *El Triunfo de la Cruz*.

This ship, the first built on the peninsula, was an experimental venture sponsored against great odds. The only wood available for such an enterprise was located some 60 miles from Mulege, the closest port, and separated from it by two rugged, steep mountain ranges. Scoffers said that not with 1000 men nor 200 yoke of oxen could a single tree trunk of the huge *guerivo* tree be carried to the beach to build the ship. But Ugarte accomplish-

ed this, carrying away 284 planks with a team of mission oxen, five lumbermen, and a few natives who had never known work. The ship was constructed at Mulege and launched a year later, about the time *Guadalupe del Sur* mission was established.

When we asked to see the grove of trees, the spokesman for this family indicated they were some distance away, beyond Cerro San Pedro, but he showed us a sapling recently transplanted to the ranch as well as a broad plank cut from one of the trees. This had been used as a trough since early mission days to drain whey from cheese. The *guerivo* is the *Populus Brandegeei*, a straight, whitish-gray hardwood tree which reaches a height of 70 feet and, our friend claimed, is so great in circumference it requires five men holding hands with arms outstretched to surround it. I had hoped we could get to this unique forest in the helicopters, but time ran out on us.

Erle Stanley Gardner and Ricardo Castillo explore the ranch at Guadalupe.



Little of Guadalupe is left from mission days. Elaborate tombstones at the old cemetery rest at rakish angles, usurped by floods or, perhaps, rumbles in the belly of *Cerro San Pedro*. That they have not been replaced is probably due to superstition. There is a picturesque series of spring-fed aqueducts and pools built by Spaniards for bathing, and rambling walls still outline corrals and citrus orchards where grow the sweetest limes in the world, but the mission building itself is only rubble.

A Dominican friar, Luis Sales, in writing of Guadalupe's happier days, reported that the land was good, although water scarce, and the jewels, ornaments, sacristy and church were all rich. Of the latter, only a framed reproduction of Our Lady of Guadalupe remains. This hangs in a small chapel on the ranch and is a moving, sensitive copy of the original in Guadalajara, which appeared as a celestial image on the palm fibre cloak of an Indian neophyte in Mexico in 1531. The photograph accompanying this article is probably the only published one of the painting from the ancient altar of the Guadalupe Baja mission.

Unlike the colony at San Francisco, where we'd landed the preceding day, this ranch straddles a cross-country trail between Mulege and San Ignacio which is traveled by vaqueros en route to markets at those population centers. Consequently, the people here have comparatively more outside contact, in spite of their remote location, and the ranch appears prosperous. Its rustic charm and promise of the unexpected appealed more to me than did other ranches we visited. I would like to return to explore Guadalupe's wind caves, canyons and hidden grottos.

La Higuera, a neighboring ranch which operated under the auspices of Guadalupe mission and was named for the fig trees beside its spring, was the most prosperous of those we visited by helicopter. Referring to it as a "neighbor" could only be in Baja, as it is separated from Guadalupe by a series of enormous ranges and an infinite number of miles. However, the two are connected with a mission trail.

The moment we landed at *La Higuera*, we knew we'd found another branch of the prolific Villavicencio family; not only because of the extraordinary height of the men, but because of the characteristic order and beauty of the ranch. Yellow and orange flowers spilled from a central patio of the rambling house and a large, palm-roofed ramada overlooked a descending terrace of citrus trees. Uncle Erle settled into a chair of stretched rawhide

and threatened to never leave. Actually, there isn't much more from life a man could want, if he were content to live this close to the earth. Moreover, there's a primitive, but passable, automobile road to Santa Rosalia, furnishing this family with an access to certain commercial luxuries.

In spite of this, life goes on much as it has throughout history. Hides are still stretched across twig frames and tanned with the bark of palo blanco. Cooking is done in an outdoor *cocina*. What has been added are colorful pans hung above the *estufa* and a wall covered with photos of popular American movie stars, surely never even dreamed of in the days of the padres. A violin in an old wooden case rested on a rafter of the ramada. I wondered if it hadn't once belonged to the American-educated Fidel Villavicentio who so impressed Arthur North on his travels in 1902. It was easy here to imagine holiday fiestas during which many generations of romance had been inspired by fragrant orange blossoms and sweet strains of violin.

As we rose above the earth once again, we were astonished at the sudden changes of terrain. Without any transition at all, rugged lava gave way to granite-walled barrancas thousands of feet deep. Dick Peck, piloting the FH 1100, drifted down into a deep canyon indented with grottos and carpeted with a jumble of rocks. While Doug Allen hovered beside us in the other 'copter to take motion pictures of ours making a landing, Dick and J.W. scanned the terrain to locate a reasonably level spot to settle our aircraft. It was then I let out a whoop to end all whoops.

On my side of the 'copter was a spectacular cave painting we'd never before seen. On the 1962 expedition, Gardner and his party discovered and named most of the caves worth claiming and on this trip Dr. Margain has pinned his tag onto one, but there was no "Pepper Cave." I was determined there would be before I returned to the States on the following day.

"It's up ahead, on the left," I shouted to J.W. I was already out of the helicopter and wobbling up the rocky streambed. The other 'copter landed and Doug Allen scrambled out with lenses and camera and headed toward a lofty perch on the opposite wall. While we waited for Carlos to catch up with us, J. W. signaled to Doug that there was a painted cave somewhere on our side. Doug signaled back that he could see it from his position on a knoll. A little further along, a mass of boulders which blocked our



Between flights, helicopter pilots Don New and Dick Peck manufactured artifacts to contribute to Baja's posterity.

view diminished and there it was—just like Times Square!

At the point of a V where another barranca angled into this one, the mural stood out high and bold, visible from a great distance. For once the artist seemed concerned with composition. The focal

Palo blanco bark is still used to tan hides.



figure, more than life-sized and painted half-black and half-red, stood with arms upraised, as if delivering a benediction. In addition to it, there were similar figures of men and animals, some superimposed over others.

This super-imposition we have found
The cocina at La Higuera is the pride of a pretty Villavicentio bride.





Pepper Cave stands at the V of two canyons, spectacular as Times Square.

common among cave paintings and it always stimulates speculation. Dr. Margain interpreted it as a means to suggest perspective—to illustrate a man standing before, or behind, a beast, as the case may be. I was reminded of early Southern California Indians who went into a frenzy when the moon passed over the sun in eclipse. Their ancients had taught them it indicated a combat between good and evil spirits in which their own well-being depended upon the outcome. Chants and legends of almost all primitive tribes reflect deep concern with the sun and moon in regard to fertility rites, mating seasons and superstitious guidance. Could it be that these super-imposed figures symbolized eclipses, or new moons in which one figure passing over the other represented the moon and sun in conjunction?

In spite of its inaccessible location, I determined to scale the wall up to Pepper Cave before laying claim to it. This almost turned out to be a mistake.

Besides being a natural-born coward when it comes to high, steep places, I possess about as much muscle as a marshmallow. This enticing cave shelter awaited

christening atop a ledge overhanging an absolutely sheer wall some 35 feet high.

"I'll help you," J. W. offered, but even he looked dismayed. "Usually there's something you can get a grip on," he muttered, placing his foot against a small indentation in the granite and ascending a few feet. Then he spied another toe-hold under a root and shifted his weight to it. I followed. Then up another few feet he climbed. I followed again, awkwardly, as my camera swung between me and the wall, forcing my center of gravity into space. With hands and feet spread-eagled to reach the only available grips, I could hardly release one to come to the aid of the other, but somehow we managed to climb higher and higher.

On an adjacent ledge isolated from ours by a deep crevice, Carlos Margain watched our ascent. Along with my pounding pulse, I heard his camera click. Everything else was very still. Jay and I had now progressed about 25 feet above the rocky base. I didn't dare look up. I didn't dare look down. We were too high to jump and we had run out of toe-holds.

"Put your foot on my knee and I'll boost you up," Jay directed, quietly.

"Uh-uh," I answered, mentally measuring the impossible distance. "I just think I'll stay here the rest of my life. You go up."

The shallow niches which supported my feet were too uncomfortably spaced for me to hold my position much longer. Jay comprehended this.

Pushing his rubber-soled boots against the wall, he catapulted himself upward to a ledge above his head. There, balanced on its narrow, sloping rim, he reached down for my hand.

Thinking of the drowning man who pulled his companion down with him, I contemplated our chances. If I were to release my grip and then miss his hand, there was no safe alternative. On the other side of the ledger, his perch was precarious. If our hands connected, my weight might unbalance him.

Jay sensed my dilemma. "Now!" he commanded.

Catching my wrist, he pulled me, dangling in space, up to his perch and safety. If it weren't for Jay's strong arms and in-

credible coordination, Pepper Cave might have been named Calamity Cave.

While this drama transpired, Carlos located a fairly gentle ramp covered with shrub which led up to the opposite end of the shelter. In our excitement we had overlooked it, but it provided a less traumatic route for our descent.

Back in Palm Desert, while doing research for this series of articles, it was quite a shock to come across a photograph of Pepper Cave accompanying a *Pacific Discovery* account of Eva Ewing's muletrip through Baja. Eva is a friend of mine and I am happy she saw this intriguing site, but I'll wager she and her party took the easy way up to it. So no matter who got there first, so far as I am concerned, *this* cave is Pepper Cave!

With a *DESERT Magazine* deadline coming up, I was scheduled on the following morning to depart via Baja Airlines with Captain Francisco Munoz. It was a sad last night in camp for me, knowing the expedition would be moving to a new location and I would be missing all kinds of adventure. In fact, I still don't know what I missed—and won't until the new Erle Stanley Gardner Baja book is released this spring. For that is the way it is with writers. To keep adventure alive, we don't talk it out before we put it on paper.

While this trait may not contribute to sparkling conversation, it does present a writer with an occupational advantage. In my case, it makes it possible to give tangible expression to the immeasurable gratitude I feel for being included in Gardner expeditions. But best of all, it makes it possible to include you in our speculations about unexplored, uninhabited terrain and to share with you our admiration for the noble countrymen of Baja. □

Magic of Baja

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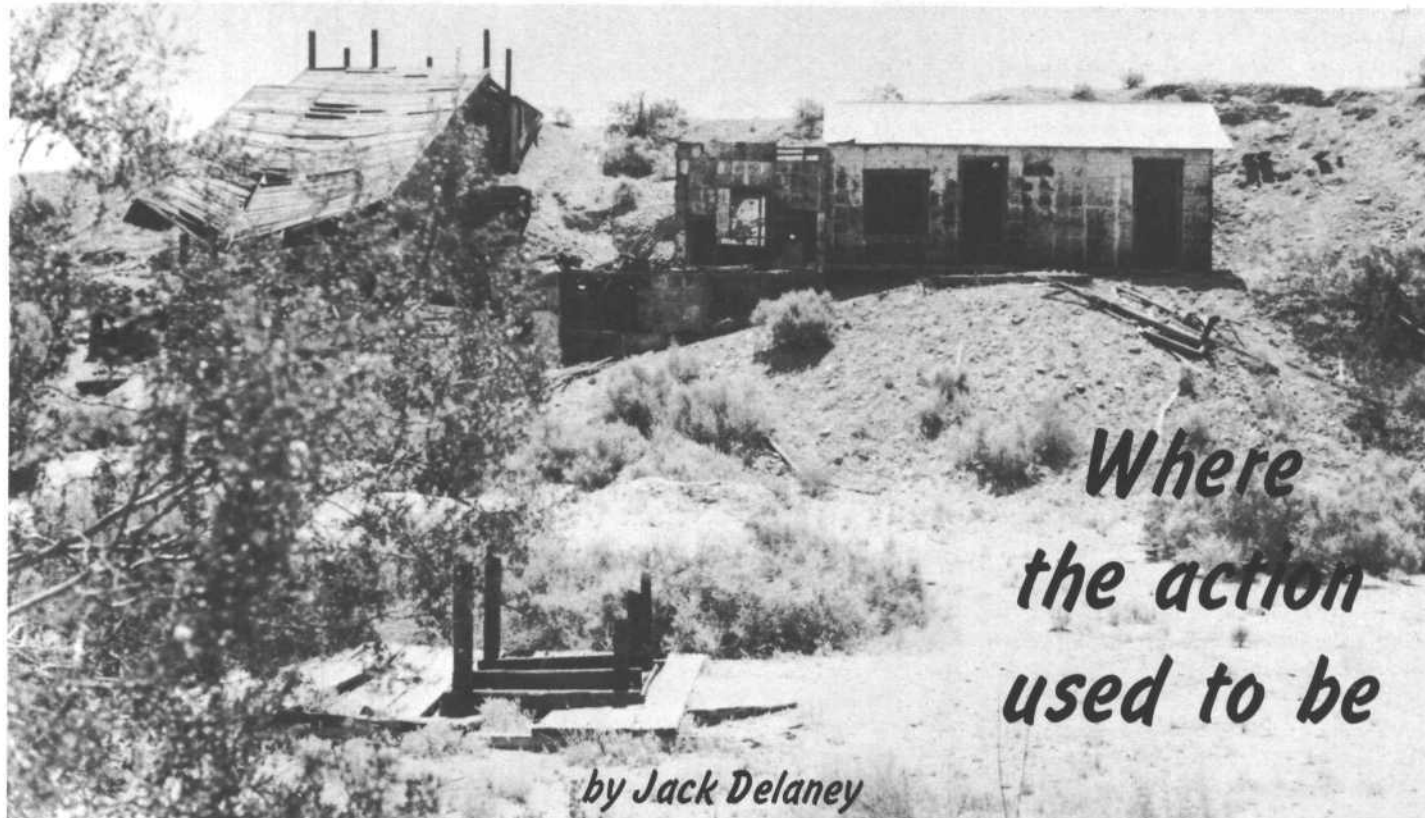
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At great—and foolish—risk, J. W. Black and Choral Pepper ascended the vertical wall to christen Pepper Cave.



Where the action used to be

by Jack Delaney

Ruins of La Paz, Arizona. Old well is in foreground.

SOME STRUCK it rich and lived to enjoy their riches; while others did, but didn't! Some learned the hard way that a fool and his poke were soon parted. Others, following the golden rule of the Golden West, gave assistance to *friends in need* who later proved to be *not friends indeed*. Still others made fortunes by digging gold in the mines, and lost them to "gold diggers" in the saloons and gambling halls. This was the story of La Paz, Ehrenberg, and Quartzsite—the golden triangle of Arizona.

It all started in 1862, soon after the discovery of gold by Captain Paulino Weaver, prospector, and guide. He was trudging the bank of the Colorado River, near Ehrenberg (across the river from where Blythe, California was later developed), when he spotted "color" in the sand and gravel. Returning to Yuma with the news and a few sample nuggets, he touched off a stampede of fortune hunters. As a result, La Paz, about six miles north of Ehrenberg, was born.

La Paz flourished for seven years as a placer mining center and river port. During that time, approximately \$8,000,000 in gold was produced from placer operations. It missed becoming the territorial capital by only two votes; but in 1864, when Yuma County was formed, La Paz was the first county seat. As a

gold-rush town of 6000 people, it went along well until it was double-crossed by the Colorado River. Then the river cut a new channel and left the town three miles inland. Steamboats carrying ore to Yuma suddenly had a problem—no port!

A simple solution was the selection of Ehrenberg as the port, since it was perched on the river bank. This town was named for Herman Ehrenberg who surveyed mining properties in the area before he was killed by Indians at Dos Palmas, California in 1866. It was the landing spot for Bradshaw's Ferry, and was a famous river port and trade center in the early 1870's. However, Ehrenberg didn't last much longer than La Paz. It left only a boothill graveyard as a reminder of its importance in the get-rich-quick era.

The Bonanza crowd was composed of rolling stones, but they didn't gather any moss. Sourdoughs considered a pound of gold per day fair return for placer activity. If they didn't obtain this result, they moved on. Sometime in the 80s the miners from La Paz, Ehrenberg, and many other places converged on *Quartzsite*, and made it a boom town. Eleven saloons dominated the town's main street, and many stories of the gold rush days probably originated in these alcoholic arcades.

No mention of the Quartzsite area should be made without recounting the colorful life of Hi Jolly. This story, which

is *not* a barroom rumor, has been told many times. My version was verified by Fred Kuehn, oldest living pioneer of Quartzsite, who was a close friend of Hi Jolly. He and his mother provided food and nursing care for the old man during the last years of his life; they were together constantly.

Hi Jolly's father was an Arab, his mother a Grecian captive. His Arabian name was *Hadji Ali*, which sounded like *Hi Jolly*, the name he carried throughout his years in the United States. The Government arranged for him to bring a load of camels from Arabia in 1856 and another in 1857, as an Army experiment in the use of these animals on the deserts of the Southwest. Later he served as a scout for the Army and provided valuable assistance in tracking down Apache Indians who were not only getting into the white man's hair, but taking it with them—skin and all.

The Army Camel Corps, in its prime, consisted of 75 camels. However, the experiment proved to be a disappointing; and, around 1865, the animals were turned loose to roam the desert. For several years Hi Jolly tried to establish mail and freight routes with some of the camels. It was known that they could walk for two or three days on the desert without water, and carry up to 600 pounds. But the idea didn't catch on, so poor Hi turned to mining and prospect-

ing in the Quartzsite area. At this point, he was satisfied with just enough gold to cover his needs, with a little extra for liquid refreshment.

From a questionable start in life, Hi Jolly lived about 74 years, serving the United States Government for 36 of them. He passed away in 1902 with no worldly goods, but probably happy in the knowledge that he had done his best toward his fellow men at all times. When he died, his funeral was attended by prospectors from all of the Arizona mining regions. No preacher was available at the time, but the respect of the hundreds of friends gathered around his grave provided a silent ceremony befitting the departure of this gentle camel driver—one of the *good guys* of the Old West.

Fred Kuehn, himself, has had an interesting life. When his father died, his mother piled the kids into a wagon in New York and headed west. They picked up his uncle on the way, and arrived in Quartzsite in 1893, when he was 5 years old. Their home was an old adobe structure which still stands in town. When they arrived, there were about 300 placer miners and an equal number of Mohave Indians in the area. Mining was accomplished with dry washers and his uncle hauled water to the miners, for which he charged \$1.25 per keg.

This pioneer, Fred Kuehn, was Peace Officer, Deputy Sheriff, and Constable in Quartzsite for 42 years. Also, he was Cattle Inspector for 17 years. In checking into the authenticity of a number of published stories of the region, it was interesting to learn that he feels that the story of a lost safe is true. The story is that, in 1880, the area now known as Quartzsite was washed out by a cloud-burst. A store safe with \$50,000 in gold was washed away and, though many searches have been conducted, no trace of it has been seen.

Fred tossed in a sidelight that might interest thirsty treasure seekers. He said that a barrel of whiskey was washed away by that storm also, and that it has never been found. Anyone exploring the wash that passes through Quartzsite, searching for rocks and artifacts, should keep an eye open for a half-buried safe and an old barrel. The safe could contain \$50,000 in good old Arizona gold. The contents of the barrel would depend upon whether or not the bung is still in place—either a supply of whiskey, aged in the wood for almost a century, or an empty container with its contents gone “over the rocks!”

Another pioneer of the Ehrenberg-



Above: Ruins at La Paz. Below: Tyson Wells stage station still stands at Quartzsite.



Ruins of old adobe where Fred Kuehn lived during his early years at Quartzsite.



Blythe region is Pete Daniel, who remembers many of the old timers who have moved on to the great Bonanza in the sky. He still has several mines in the vicinity of Quartzsite, and occasionally disappears to work them. In the old days there was an unwritten law among placer miners that they could work an area 25 feet square without filing a claim. Each 25-foot plot was respected by the other miners and, after obtaining all of the easily obtainable gold from their spot, the miners moved over to the next unworked square.

These prospectors of the Quartzsite area also observed another unwritten law. This was an understanding that any miner who did well and carried a quantity of gold to town for the purchase of provisions, both solid and liquid, should bring back a stock of supplies for his less fortunate neighbors—a sort of pre-social security system.

A discussion of the people and events of the past, especially when it includes some people of the present who are old enough to separate the facts from the fiction, should lead to a suggested tour of the area for tourists or week-end jaunters. It is natural that they will want to know what ruins or mementos of the old gold era remain for viewing and photographing today.

Motorists from Southern California should drive to Blythe on Highway 60, cross the Colorado River to Ehrenberg, and turn left on the first road past the river crossing. The Ehrenberg cemetery is a few hundred feet along this road. After observing the final resting place of a town, they should continue north on the same road about three miles to the Mohave Indian Reservation Information Office. Here, Robert Martin and his wife, definitely friendly Indians, will provide information on the location of La Paz's

Hi Jolly's monument at Quartzsite.

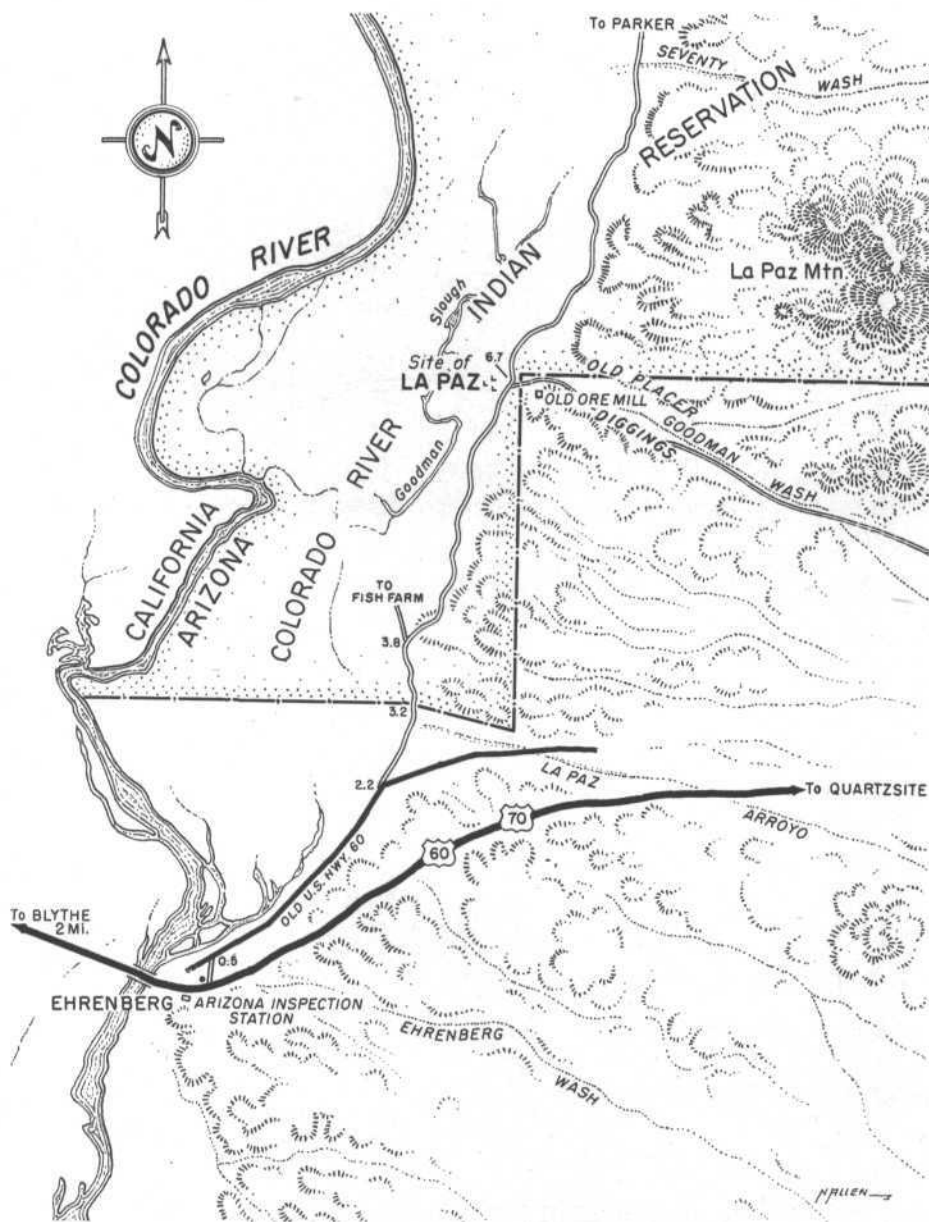


skimpy remains. After exercising their imagination and camera lenses, they should return to Highway 60 and drive about 18 miles east to Quartzsite, at the junction of Highway 60 and 95.

This town is unimpressive when compared with modern towns of its size, but it cannot be classed as a ghost town—the ghosts decided to give the residents another chance! It is rich in historical importance, with a few remaining attractions of the past for tourists to view. Among them are the tomb of Hi Jolly in the town's cemetery, the remains of the old Tyson Wells stage station, and the ruins of an old adobe.

Hi Jolly's tomb, with its pyramid-shaped monument, is an impressive sight in Quartzsite. It is constructed of black malapai rock, petrified wood, gold-bearing quartz, and natural red, white, and blue rocks (symbolizing the flag). Crowning the pyramid is the silhouette of a one-hump camel made of copper. A vault in the base contains a few old letters, Hi Jolly's government contracts as camel driver and scout, and less than a dollar in change (his total wealth when he died). Also, the vault contains something else that was dear to his heart—the ashes of Topsy, the last of the original camels he brought to this country.

The old Tyson Wells stage station, now crumbling to the point where entry is not permitted, was known for years as Fort Tyson. This interesting historical attraction of Quartzsite was never really an army fort. It was constructed in 1856 by Charles Tyson as a stronghold for protection from the Indians. The main building, a number of smaller buildings, and several wells, were encircled by a tall adobe wall which gave it the appearance of a fort. Later, Fort Tyson was a regular stopping place for the Army's troops



marching through, and a stop-over for stages running from Ehrenberg to Prescott, Arizona.

What remains of the ancient adobe, mentioned previously, is located on the frontage road about half-way between Tyson Wells and Hi Jolly's monument. It is diagonally across the road from the Post Office, one of the town's few modern structures. This is the adobe that was the family home of the Kuehn's in the early days; and it is here that Hi Jolly spent much of his time during his last years. Also, it is the birthplace of Judge George Bagley, the present Justice of the Peace in the area. Camera bugs should be in ecstasy with the interesting subjects available in Quartzsite.

As pointed out, this town is only a reminder of the past; but, according to Mrs. Vaun Allen of the Quartzsite Improvement Association, "There'll be some changes made." The Association was formed in 1964 with a membership of 146 families. An indication of the enthusiasm of the residents is evident in the fact that they financed the installation of a four-channel booster station on Guadalupe Mountain, about 10 miles east of Quartzsite, in order to receive television programs from Phoenix. Subscribers pay \$20 per month and, believe it or not, those who cannot afford the charge are allowed to enjoy the service for free!

A master plan calls for promoting the town as a retirement center. It will change the image from a treasure chest of rocks, ruins, and relics to a gold region for golden agers. Land, that was available for practically nothing a few years ago, is now selling for \$1500 per acre. There is little industrial activity in Quartzsite at present, but it is the headquarters of the Oldham Honey business. This honey is a desert product which originates from cat-claw, mesquite, and many other desert flowers and blossoming trees. It is well known throughout the United States, and abroad.

La Paz provided the opportunity for Arizona to be born with a golden spoon in its mouth—it is now only a memory of its bustling past. Ehrenberg has only a cemetery remaining as a mark of respect for its old time importance. The historical progression of Arizona's pot of gold that flourished in the last half of the 19th century, might be described in baseball jargon as a triple play: *La Paz*, to *Ehrenberg*, to *Quartzsite*. However, the expression: "two down and one to go" does not apply here, because the surviving community of Quartzsite has no intention of going! □

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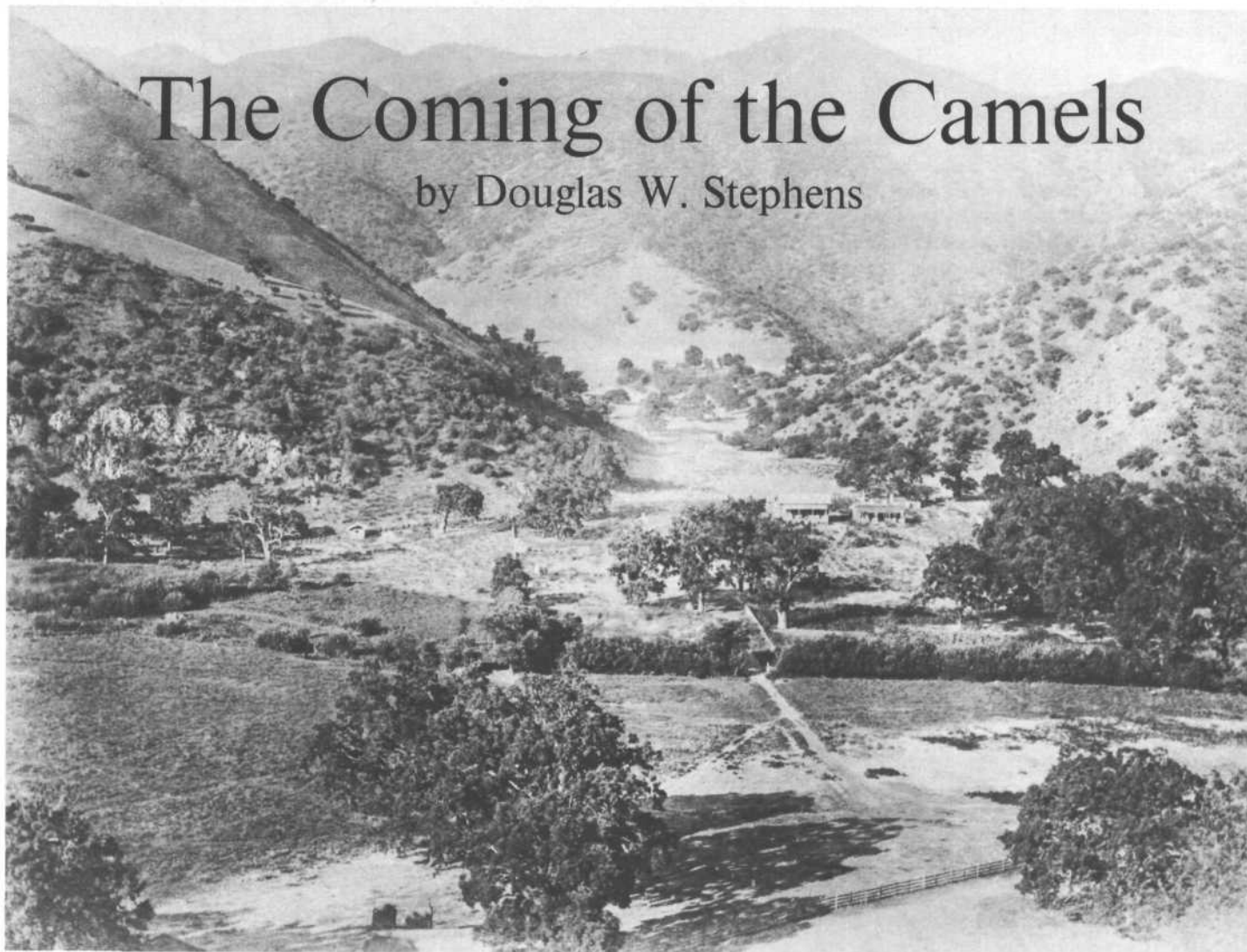
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The Coming of the Camels

by Douglas W. Stephens



SENTRY SAM Lamb stomped angrily back and forth through the wet snow which smothered Fort Tejon.

This early fall, 1857, Sam, a new member of General Beale's 1st Dragoons, had hoped to enjoy Southern California's balmy, semi-tropical nights, soft swaying palms and, perhaps, beautiful, dark-haired *senoritas*. Instead, either desert-roasting blasts or bone-chilling blizzards racked a man's body. And only fat Indian squaws, smelling like rancid lard, ever showed within a mile of the place.

Trooper Lamb stopped pacing his post long enough to shake a fist at the white crystals falling around him. Just his luck to be stuck at the only army fort in Southern California where snow ever fell!

The white flakes masked Fort Tejon's squat adobe buildings forming a U-shaped pattern around the sloping parade ground. There were no bastions or block-houses, only barracks for Beale's Dragoons at this God-forsaken fort perched in the mountains 90 miles north of Los Angeles.

Suddenly the trooper stiffened, alert, listening, the cold forgotten. Horses and some softer-walking, bulkier critters moved over the pass. He sniffed the air. The strong, disagreeable odor reaching him wasn't Indians, for sure, yet smelled as bad. Then he heard the clank of cavalry spurs and knew General Beale, that tough, colorful commander of the fort must be returning from Powder Horn, Texas as mysteriously as he'd left.

Born to a Navy family, General Edward Fitzgerald Beale graduated from Annapolis and sailed as a midshipman with Commodore Stockton aboard the *USS Congress*. But the West drew him. Resigning his Navy commission and accepting a 1st Lieutenantcy in the U. S. Army, he later carried news of California gold to Washington, D.C.

In the barracks, men said the General had traveled seven times across the Eastern plains, often in the company of Scout Kit Carson. In 1854, President Millard Fillmore appointed Beale Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California and Nevada. That same year Beale, in order to

protect the San Joaquin Indians from the whites, talked the Army into establishing Fort Tejon in the Libre Mountain range southwest of the Sabastian Indian Reservation.

Trooper Lamb thought about these red men now. California Indians seemed tame compared to the Apache or Sioux he'd fought further east.

He sighed. At least, up here in the hills, he'd see plenty of action, chasing bandits and guarding miners; probably ride patrol with Beale as far east as the Colorado and help explore the Owens Valley—maybe even see Great Salt Lake.

Lamb, peering through the thick snowfall, frowned as downwind the sound of horseshoes striking rock became mingled with the muffled shuffle of padded feet and the faint tinkle of bells. Above it all his nose burned with that stinking sour odor.

A moment later he realized why. Approaching through the snow dimly at first, then plainer, plodded a line of high-stepping humped animals. Camels! Only he did not know what to call them then,

for he had never seen a camel before. Pictures, yes. But these ugly, smelly beasts looked so different.

Sam watched with startled fascination as the 28 haughty camels, bells hanging around their necks, bright colored scarfs draped across their snow-speckled humps, filed past into the fort. He shook his head. Had the General gone stark, desert-mad on his long journey home?

When camels were first brought to the American desert, it took long hours of hard arguing to convince Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, that they would be superior to horses for transporting supplies across the hot desert to isolated Army posts. But later, in 1858, camel doubters had to admit the God-awful-smelling shaggy-humped creatures proved their worth in building a wagon road from Fort Defiance, New Mexico Territory, to Fort Tejon. Wider use of this living ship of the desert would surely have been made had not the Civil War erupted.

At this time, General Beale volunteered his services to the Union cause, but President Lincoln decided the General could serve his country best by staying in the West and counteracting secessionists in California.

After the war, Beale acquired 200,000 acres of Kern County land, of which Fort Tejon became a part. Beale's ranch, originally a Spanish land grant owned by Ignacio del Valle, became an important economic influence in this area and Fort Tejon's buildings grew into residences, stables and ranch sheds.

In 1939, the Tejon Land Company, which General Beale originally formed, deeded the five acres on which the old fort stood to the State of California. By this time the buildings had fallen into a state of ruin.

Today, freeway traffic on Highway 99 passes a partially rebuilt Fort Tejon three miles north of Lebec, midway between San Fernando and Bakersfield.

At this point, if you turn west off the freeway, you will see restored by the Fort Tejon Restoration Committee not only the officers and orderly's quarters, but the enlisted men's barracks where Trooper Lamb and his fellow dragoons were billeted. The restored buildings appear now as they once did when Fort Tejon represented the chief military, social, and political center between the San Joaquin Valley and Los Angeles.

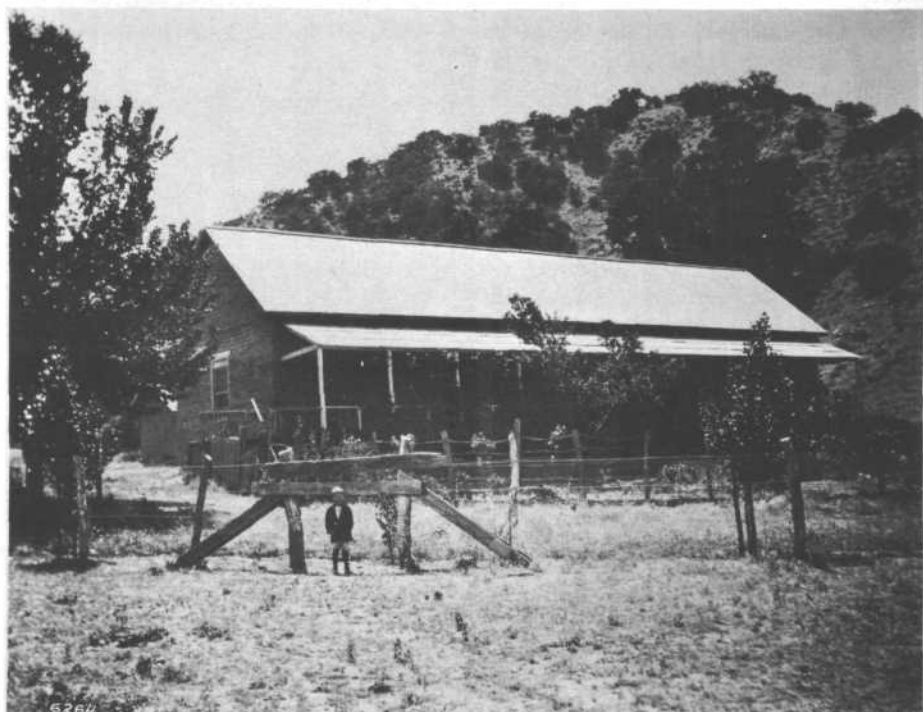
You can explore the ruins of the stable where General Beale quartered not only the dragoons' horses but the 28



camels he brought from Texas. You can see where stood the blacksmith's shop, granary, quartermaster's store, guard house, mess and kitchen, troop bakery and the stage station of Butterfield's Overland Mail Line, established in 1858 on a route which extended from St. Louis to San Francisco.

The next time you drive Highway 99 between Bakersfield and San Fernando stop off at this historic fort. While you tramp the ground under the magnificent

Valley Oak which shade the area, perhaps your imagination can relive that snowy fall day when Trooper Sam Lamb watched General Beale lead his Camel Corp into the fort. If you strain your imaginative powers still more, perhaps you can also hear tinkling camel bells and shouting cameleers; cursing troopers and clanking cavalry spurs as California history seeps out from each adobe brick and rebuilt timber of this interesting landmark. □



Colonel Beale's quarters, destroyed by earthquake in 1857.

FATHER ORTIZ AND THE ELUSIVE NUGGET

by Joe Parrish

THE ANCIENT Spanish mission of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe in picturesque Juarez, across the storied Rio Grande from El Paso, has seen much during its three centuries.

Established in 1659, its thick adobe walls have resounded to the clank of Spanish armor and the clink of vaquero spurs. They have listened to the whispered swish of Indian moccasins and the sharp click of spike heels. Built during the dying days of the Middle Ages, it has seen its parishioners progress from solid-wheeled, one-ox-power carts to sleek three-hundred horsepower wagons of another breed.

It has seen the ebb and flow of war, revolution and social upheaval. In 1947 it even saw a berserk guided missile, escaped from White Sands Missile Range, roar low across its aged rafters and land with a fine bang on the mountains behind it, to the vast embarrassment of the sky-rocket scientists, the Pentagon, and the Secretary of State.

But one of the strangest things it has seen was the mysterious affair of the aged Apache woman and her elusive nuggets of purest gold.

For many years, so the story goes, the old squaw made regular trips from her encampment outside Juarez to the mission, where it was her habit to give her confession to Father Ramon Ortiz, who was resident priest at the mission from about 1845 to his death in 1896. It also was her habit to make a contribution to the church each trip. But her offering was not in the form of money—instead, she would leave a large nugget of gold.

Father Ortiz was a natural born treasure hunter. He spent years, and some say a fortune, in seeking the legendary Lost Padre Mine, said to have been concealed in 1680 when the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico revolted and cleansed their land of the hated paleface foreigners. But duty came first and he never asked the woman where she obtained her gold.

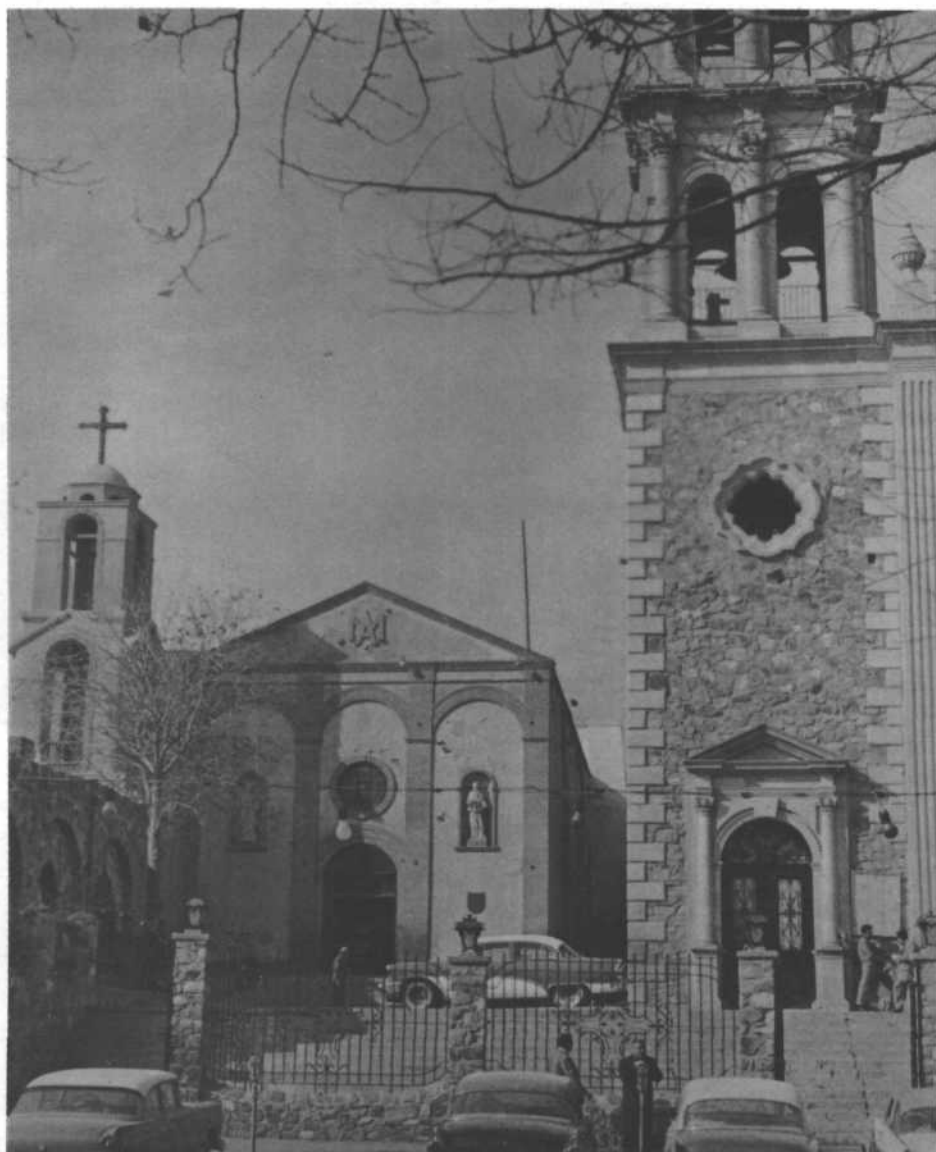
One day the aged squaw paid her regular call on the priest. She made her confession, received his absolution, and then, in the dim quiet of the auditorium, they talked. They spoke of the old days,

of the mysterious ways of God, of the cantankerous nature of man, and other subjects dear to the hearts of philosophers. Father Ortiz noticed that she seemed more feeble than usual. She noticed that he noticed, and they fell to talking of how a man does not die until he has learned the last lesson assigned to him, and how some persons know in advance when they will die, and so on.

Finally she confided in Father Ortiz that her time was rapidly drawing near,

and asked him to pray for her soul when she was gone. Then she said that in return for his kindness to her during these many years she wished to show him the source of her gold nuggets.

The padre protested that he had not been kind to her with any thought of material reward. Nevertheless, his treasure-hunting gland throbbed with excitement as the woman led him out of the church and toward the desert south of Juarez. He modified his pace to suit her



The ancient mission of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe in Ciudad Juarez, founded in 1659, is still in use. New cathedral at right adjoins old mission.

halting, slow advance, and they strolled leisurely across the wasteland. After they had proceeded some distance, she stopped on top of a small hill and pointed west to a distant palm tree.

It was late in the afternoon and the sun was in his eyes, but Father Ortiz squinted and finally saw the tree. To the west of this tree, she said, he would find a large red stone, with red earth around it. The priest strained his eyes. Then she said that still further on there was a hill. In the side of the hill was a hole. Inside the hole he would find the gold.

Now she made the priest promise not to touch the gold, nor to divulge its secret, until her death. The knowledge of it has passed down from generation to generation, she said, and the receiver of the secret must not use it until the giver of it was dead, else the giver would die before all his lessons were learned.

And so they parted, the squaw continuing to her camp and the priest returning to his mission. True to his word, Father Ortiz made no attempt to cash in on his new knowledge.

Sometime later a youth came to him from the Apache camp and told him that the old woman was dead. The priest dropped everything and hot-footed it to the south. He found what he thought was the correct little hill. But where he remembered one lone palm tree, there were many. Where there was supposed to be a red stone surrounded by red earth, there was nothing. Where there was supposed to be a hill with a hole of gold, there were many hills, none with the treasure. The good priest searched for many years, and told others who in turn searched for many years. But the source of the Apache woman's big nuggets remained hidden.

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Forget about the palm trees. A prolonged drouth has killed all growing things except for the thorny mesquite, the fragrant greasewood, and tough cactus.

Look instead for the sign of the red rock, beyond which lies a fortune in gold. □



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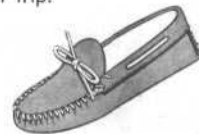
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A FEW MILES north of Nogales, Arizona, on a privately owned ranch, lie the scarcely visible remains of an early Jesuit mission known today as Guevavi, sometimes referred to in old diaries as Guebavi. It was variously called San Miguel and San Rafael by the Jesuits, and Santo Angeles by the Franciscans. Here the remnants of a few walls of the church, buried half way up their sides, are fast crumbling into oblivion. Long low mounds show where other walls are buried.

Probably the first mission in Arizona, Guevavi is older than any of the California missions. How large was it? How long did it last? What caused it to be abandoned? What relics are hidden? These are questions that a small but devoted group of the Arizona Archaeological and Historical Society is trying to answer.

The owner of the ranch permits the

missions. In the same room were the tiny remains of two infant burials and one adult. Silver threads still clung to the shreds of cloth in which one baby was wrapped, threads like those which embroidered priestly vestments. Stone and shell beads were uncovered with the adult. The first baby found seems to have been on the floor level, not underground. Was it left there during one of the many Apache raids? All these things arouse an endless train of questions.

No full story of Guevavi is available. In the 17th and 18th centuries Spain had many troubles and the accounts of remote missionaries in Pima land received scant attention. For 150 years these records were forgotten. It is only during the last 50 years that old documents, maps, and diaries have been unearthed that tell the fascinating story of Father Kino and his Indians. Hubert Howe Bancroft published much interesting material, but the finest

the grandiose title of "Lieutenant Governor and Military Captain from the Real de San Juan Bautista." Assigned to accompany Fr. Kino as military escort and to represent the power of the crown, he became Kino's right hand. Fortunately his diary, *Luz de Tierra Incognita*, has been preserved and gives exact dates. It is a story of high adventure.

Guevavi was a village in Pimeria Alta, or land of the Upper Pimas, now Arizona. Indians lived in small groups along the Gila and Santa Cruz rivers. The larger of these villages, such as Bac (now Mission San Xavier del Bac) made good sites for missions. The Pimas, Sobaipuris, Papagos, and Subas were the principal tribes of the area, all speaking the same language. "Pim" was their word for no, so Pima is really just a nickname that endured.

The tribes were courteous and friendly, peaceful, anxious to improve their poor

DISCOVERY AT GUEVAVI

by Ruth Graham



Society to carry out its investigations as far as possible. The work is all done on a volunteer basis by students from the University at Tucson and others, who give their Sundays to digging. They are hampered by lack of power equipment and full-time personnel, but particularly because the land has never been set aside for excavation. After trenches have been dug, and old walls and floors uncovered, the openings sometimes must be filled in again so that the rancher may pasture his cattle in the area without danger of broken legs.

Some provocative finds have already been made. A silver crucifix has been unearthed. In a corner of what was evidently a room there is a small corner fireplace of a type that has not been found in other

contributions come from Herbert Eugene Bolton whose, "nosing into musty old bundles," as he said, has resulted in the translation of Kino's own reports and diaries as well as those of some of his companions.

Eusebio Francisco Kino was sent to Mexico as a missionary in 1681. After a period of work on the mainland opposite Baja California he was assigned to the area he called Pimeria Alta, now upper Sonora and southern Arizona. In 1687 he established the Mission of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores* in Mexico, about 100 miles south of present-day Tucson. For 24 years this was his headquarters for exploration, missionary work, and writing.

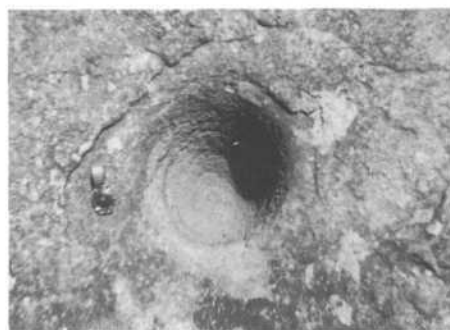
Young Captain Juan Mateo Manje arrived in Sonora in 1693, and acquired

crops and rudimentary farms with the know-how and the livestock brought by the Black Robes, as they called the Jesuits. The Pimas were frequently forced to defend themselves from depredations by the Apaches, Janos, and Jocomes to the East. Good fighters, though peaceful by preference, the Pimas welcomed the help given them by Spanish soldiers, who in turn were glad to punish the hostiles for stealing their own horses and cattle.

The scope of Fr. Kino's accomplishments should give him a larger place in history than he has received. It was he who proved that California was not an island, but part of the continent.

Writing in 1710, Kino said that he made more than 40 expeditions to the northwest of Dolores. In his work he was

a diplomat, cattleman, builder, cosmographer, and priest. He had to cope with pack trains, round-ups, the childlike and undependable nature of the Indians, long hours in the saddle, often traveling 50 miles a day, preaching, teaching, mapping the land, camping out, paying no attention to the attacks of rheumatism and fever that afflicted him.



Mortar used by Indians to grind seeds and grain found in bedrock near site of Guevavi along Santa Cruz River.

Most of the time Kino traveled with only one or two white men, sometimes with only Indian companions. Juan Maria de Salvatierra, Father Visitor, was sent from Spain about 1690 to investigate the possibilities of northern expansion of the Mexican missions. He traveled far with Kino and became his most ardent supporter in plans for expansion and exploration.

While still in Mexico, the priests were visited by a delegation of Sobaipuris or Pimas from the north who came to ask the fathers to visit their villages. The earliest record of Guevavi is in 1692 when, in response to this invitation, they passed through the small village on their way to Bac. The fathers were impressed with the gentle people, the groves along the river, and the possibilities for development. Present day ranching in Arizona and the development of Tucson owe much to these early explorations.

Kino mentioned Guevavi briefly in 1695 as one of the missions promised, but never developed. Seeing the possibilities of the country, he was constantly writing to Spain for more missionaries and more help than he received.

The diary of Captain Manje for December 27, 1697, tells of arriving at Guevavi on the way to Bac. There were 80 Indians to welcome them, and the occasion was a happy one. The Spaniards were met with arches, crosses and a sweeping of the road before them. Such honors had become customary among Indians to acclaim the visits of Fr. Kino. The leaders of the village were given staffs of justice. Presentation of such

canes as symbols of authority was the usual practice of the Spaniards.

For two days in March of 1699, Kino and Manje rested at Guevavi while Kino was suffering from his frequent rheumatism, fever, and nausea. In October of that year Manje recorded another visit, spelling the name Guebabi and mentioning an alternate name of Gusutaqui, from a nearby river.

At Guevavi in 1700 Kino listed 84 sheep and goats, fields of wheat, maize, and beans, and an adobe house. The next year he mentioned passing through there, giving no details, but Manje in his diary for April 12, 1701, told of stopping at the pueblo at noon, being greeted by the people, and talking to them of God. Continuing up the valley, they passed the cattle ranch which the Indians were taking care of for the priest they hoped would one day be assigned to them. By then there were 400 cows and 200 sheep. The village was evidently prospering and



Excavating outside north wall of Guevavi and inside surrounding plaza walls.

Kino needed someone to take charge, but his pleas for more help were mainly unanswered.

Finally, near the end of 1701, four missionaries arrived at Dolores. Father Juan de San Martin was sent to establish a mission at Guevavi, with Tumacacori and Bacoancos as *visitas*. Kino assisted the new missionaries in both spiritual and temporal matters. He soon recorded the construction of a small house and church for Fr. Martin and the laying of foundations for larger ones, but to date no description of final construction has been found. At the time of Kino's death in 1711, Spain was embroiled in many troubles and the missions were neglected. Archaeologists have uncovered foundation walls on which no superstructure ever was laid, and believe this larger church was never completed.

In January 1737, Captain Jean Bautista de Anza (father of the explorer who later led the historic expedition from Mexico to San Francisco) wrote a report

of silver found in large balls between Guevavi and the rancharia of Arissona. It was this first prominence brought to the area by silver that led to naming the territory Arizona. In five years the mines were exhausted and Spanish interest again waned.

Very little information has yet been found regarding Guevavi during the 18th century. Father Juan Bautista Grashoffer was sent there in 1732, but soon died. Padre Jose Garrucho is mentioned in 1750. That year there was a widespread Indian revolt and many missionaries were killed. Bac and Guevavi were plundered and abandoned, but the padres escaped. A visiting missionary reported the next year that the church at Guevavi was still standing. Peace was restored in 1752 and the missions reactivated, but Indian troubles and controversy among the Jesuits themselves ended any real prosperity. The spirit of Fr. Kino was a thing of the past, and the Jesuits themselves had been replaced.

There were still 111 neophytes at Guevavi in 1764, but by 1772 they had dwindled to 86, buildings were in poor condition, and Apache raids frequent. Padre Jean Crisostomo Gil de Brave, a Franciscan, was minister at Guevavi in 1768. A Franciscan historian, Fray Juan Domingo Arricivita, in 1792 published a historical work that gives 1784 as the date Guevavi was finally abandoned.

Apache raids in the area continued for a century. When in 1865 Pete Kit-



Inside corner of courtyard wall exposed through excavating. None of wall showed above ground.

chen established his now famous ranch near Guevavi, the Apaches had the land so completely terrorized that he was called crazy for making the attempt.

Devotees of the lore of the Southwest hope that the search for old documents will reveal more information on the period when Guevavi was an active mission. Much work remains to be taken up where Bolton stopped. Perhaps it will be the springboard to a whole new chapter in the history of our Southwest. □

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Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron

HERE ARE some ways you can minimize the inconvenience and discomfort caused by that inevitable desert dust.

While underway in your vehicle, open the fresh air vents, and close *all* windows. Because fresh air vents usually have "intakes" close to the front of the car, the forward motion of your vehicle builds up a slight air pressure inside and forces out drifting dust. Windows opened even slightly will cause you to lose this pressure. Most modern vehicles also have a fan (or blower) which may be turned on for extra cooling and pressurizing.

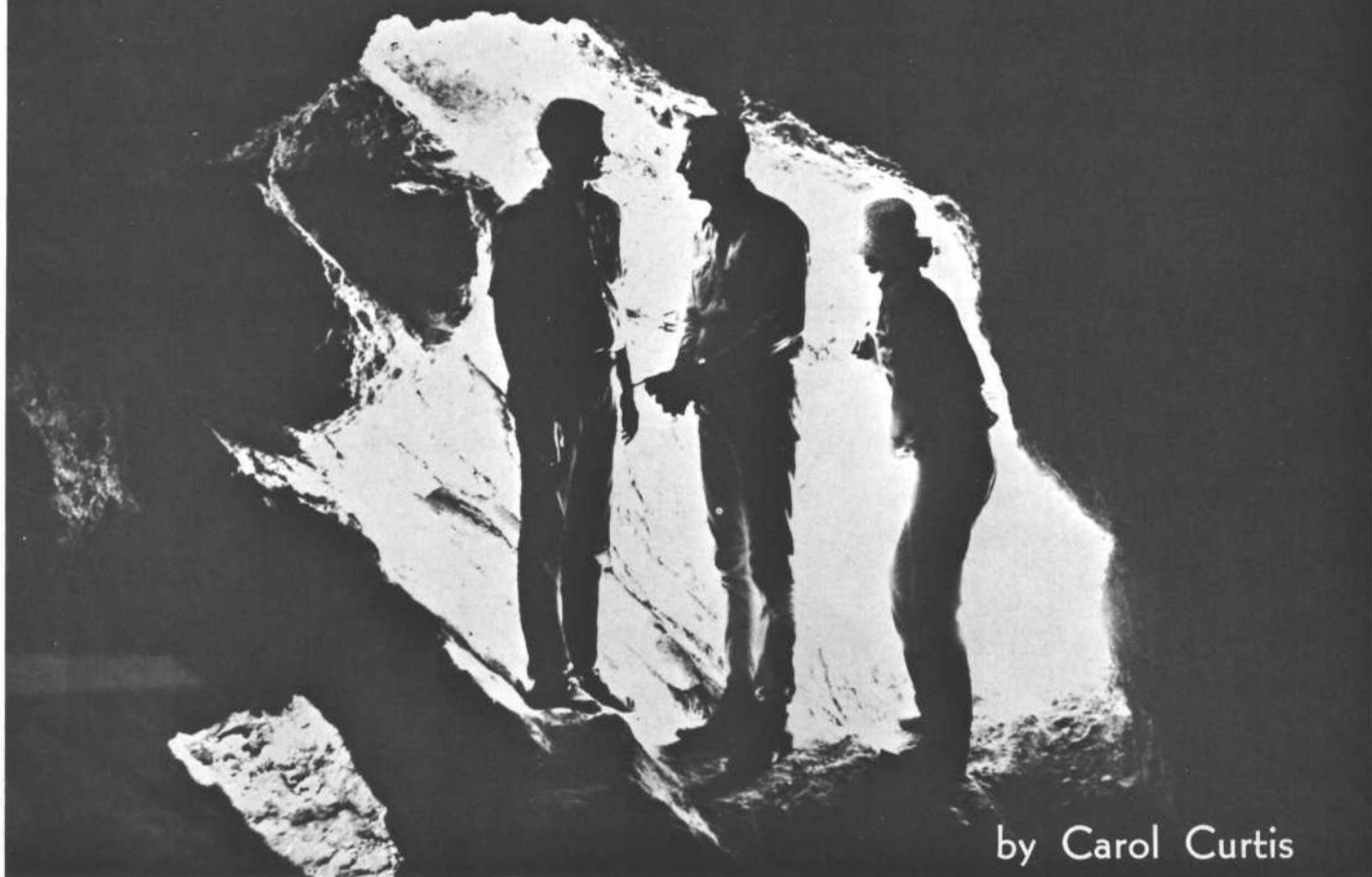
To protect cameras, binoculars, films or other delicate items from dust, place them in heavy duty plastic bags (see photo). These large plastic bags are also useful for protecting lunches and snacks, and for storing clean laundry.

Precious water can be conserved by using "waterless hand cleaners" and paper towels. These waterless hand cleaners are available at automotive supply houses (and some service stations), and do an efficient job of cleaning begrimed hands, especially after changing a tire or tinkering with a car.

Choral Pepper and Jean Bethel demonstrated foresight and ingenuity on a recent Erle Stanley Gardner expedition into the arid regions of Baja by bringing a box of "Moist Towelettes" to combat the desert grime. These handy time and water savers are available at most drug stores, and usually contain around 40 towelettes per box.

If you plan to camp out, don't forget a light canvas or plastic ground cloth to protect bedrolls—also handy to spread out under an old Mesquite or Cottonwood tree during that picnic lunch. ☐

MULE CANYON'S GHOST



by Carol Curtis

THE CALICO Mountains sit like an old-fashioned lady in a multi-petted gown on the Mojave Desert above the town of Yermo. Mule Canyon, where we made camp at sundown, is only one fold in her garment. While we unloaded wood from the trailer—Mule Canyon is without vegetation—the blues, reds, and greens of canyon walls deepened into the purple of night.

Feeling a need for the warmth and security of a campfire, we tried not to disturb the silence as we laid the wood into a pile. Soon flames elongated into fantastic figures, leaping like barroom dancers, higher and higher. As each log burned low, we added another, delaying the hour when all would turn black and Calico's ghosts would stalk the canyon.

The silence of Calico was first broken in the early spring of 1881 when prospectors Charlie Mecham, Johnny McBride and Larry Sylvia discovered silver and ignited Lady Calico. Then, like a generous courtesan, she gave of her treasure. Silver

poured from her veins, but blood poured from men's. Saloons sprang up like festering sores. Little lumps appeared—graves on Boot Hill. A young man named McIntyre, a dump-car shover in the Chauncy mine, didn't make it to the graveyard. He was buried by tons of rock on a fourth level cave-in. Dig as they would, the men were unable to recover his body. Today, occasional campers declare he is still heard, moaning and calling for someone to get him out.

There were other weird noises that haunted those early nights. Some miners sought solace in a campfire and a bottle of red eye, others found it in Daggett saloons where a honky-tonk piano and shuffling of cards emitted sounds they understood.

Yet, even here amid smoke and whiskey fumes they did not escape the whispered tales of Calico's abominable desert man. Many an intruder's mysterious death was laid to him. It was he who shook the roof of the Chauncy mine

and covered McIntyre with tons of rock. No one knew from whence he came to seek his hapless victims. Calico was his. He could not abide sharing her with others.

Then abruptly Calico's harlot days were over. The price of silver dropped and those who once courted her, turned their attention elsewhere. Calico smoothed her skirts, but could not hide her scars—old ore dumps, mine shafts, miles of honey-combed tunnels. So are still there the little lumps on Boot Hill, and McIntyre's ghost. If the abominable desert man hears his pitious cry for help, he heeds not. He prefers his victims live.

When the purple turned into black shadows and our wood was gone, we snuggled into sleeping bags, right up to our ears. Prospectors no longer look for treasures beneath Calico's gown, but if you are bold and impetuous, lift her petticoat when the moon is full and build a campfire in Mule Canyon. But if you're timorous, you'd best leave the lady's skirts alone! □

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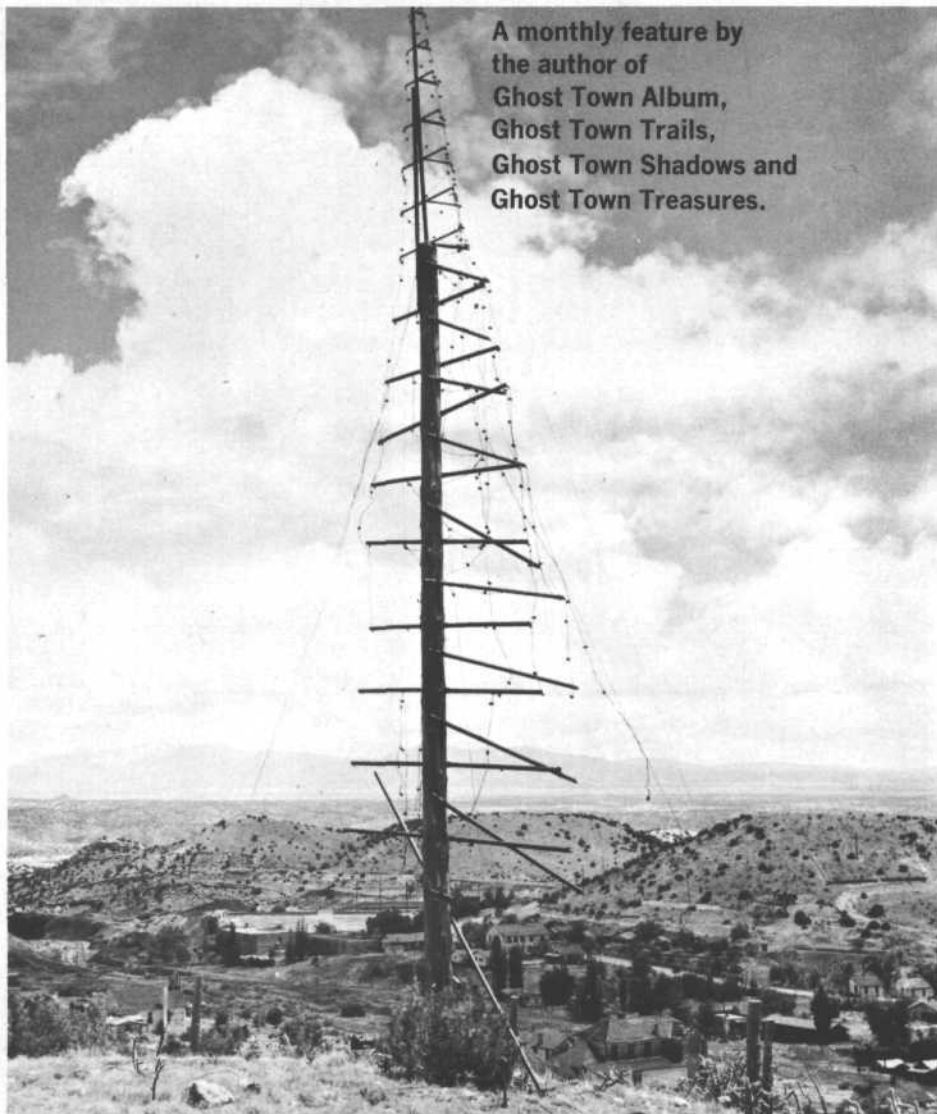
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Madrid, New Mexico

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

FOR ELEVEN MONTHS of the year, Madrid was a dirty, dusty, black-sooted coal mining town, but for the month of December, soot was obscured by thousands of colored lights blazing from wires strung everywhere. Houses, mine buildings, stores, artificial trees,

even the church were clothed in beauty in honor of the newly born Christ Child.

As early as 1835 it was known that veins of coal protruding from the ground in the canyon where Madrid would be but lack of market prevented exploita-

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tion. This came later, after glamorous gold was found nearby. Boom camps then burgeoned at Golden, Los Cerrillos and San Pedro where fuel was required for mine operations and heating the rock and adobe houses of miners. Large scale coal mining began in 1865 and operated continually until final closure, establishing some sort of record for coal mines on the Santa Fe Plateau. Others operated spasmodically with demand.

In 1905 Madrid consisted of four long rows of two story houses, at first neatly painted in a variety of colors, but soon tinted with a uniform layer of coal dust. Residential and main streets ran north and south, with all houses facing east towards the business section. The town fitted comfortably into its allotted space in the level bottom of a gently contoured valley near a tributary of the Galisteo River.

By 1910 Madrid's population had expanded to about 2500, but few new houses were built by the Albuquerque and Cerrillos Coal Mining Co. Newcomers put their homes on long waiting lists and waited them out in the company operated boarding house. This situation became partially relieved when officials imported some houses from Kansas by sawing them into sections and transporting them on flat cars of the Santa Fe Railroad. Arriving at Madrid the cut-up houses were then nailed together to the chagrin of later occupants who claimed the sections were mismatched.

Landscaping was almost nil, although an occasional nostalgic housewife would bring a hardy rose or shrub to the camp and keep it alive by dousing it with dish-water. The only lawn in town was in front of one of the three boarding houses. The reason for this was a scant water supply. Precious water was transported from a spring five miles distant in railway tank cars, then stowed in a reservoir. If the man delegated to watch the supply stayed sober there would be water, but if a housewife's faucet sud-

denly ran dry, she knew Ed was on a binge again.

When electricity came into general use elsewhere, in Madrid it was hoarded for company use and mine workers continued to burn kerosene lamps for illumination and cheap coal for fuel.

Things changed, though, with the advent of a new superintendent, Oscar Huber. He saw to it all houses were wired for electricity. More, he laid out a baseball diamond complete with bleachers, generated a huge 4th of July celebration, organized a choir and engaged a voice teacher from Albuquerque to train the voices.

Another Huber-inspired innovation brought fame to the coal camp. This was Madrid's Christmas celebration. Work on stringing the endless miles of light cords began about the first of December and cut-art religious figures were made. Then about the middle of the month, the figures were set up with lights trained on them. For the Nativity scene, live burros, sheep and cattle were placed in front of large figures of the Holy family. Over on a hill the Wise Men approached on cut-out camels and huge Christmas trees circled the brow of the canyon. Each of these had a trunk made from a pine log brought from northern mountains. Branches consisted of pipes liberally strung with colored lights. The one shown in our photo is the only one remaining nearly intact. Seen at the right is a marked out square centered by a large cross. During Madrid's palmy days this was filled with "buildings" to represent the city of Bethlehem, the whole brilliantly illuminated.

Madrid today is a true ghost town, if you ignore the garage and inevitable tavern. Most of the houses are intact, although none of the buildings shown are in use. The town is worth a visit, offering many possibilities to the photographer and tourist. It is fenced, but access is gained by request at the garage. Included in the visit should be Los Cerrillos, three miles nearer Santa Fe. □

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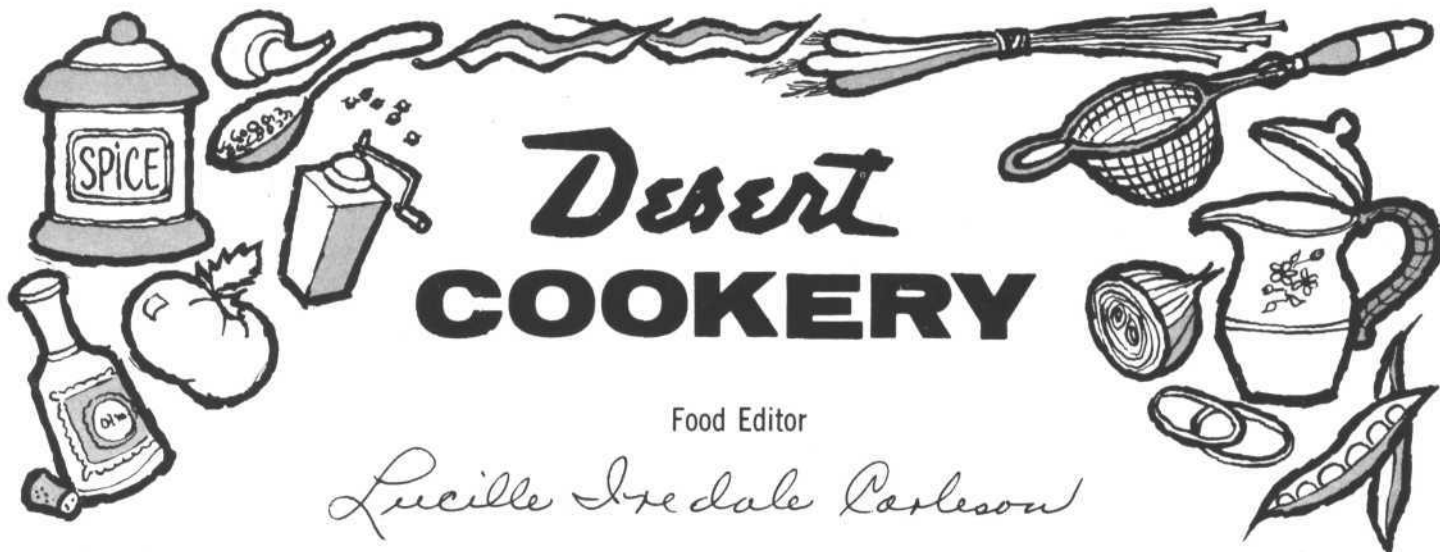
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Palm Desert, California 92260



Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carleson

SHRIMP CHEESE BALL

- 1 8 oz. package of cream cheese
- 3 small cans of shrimp, drained and mashed

Mix in blender.

Cream with a little mayonnaise and add a little onion and garlic salt, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Form into ball and roll in parsley flakes or nuts.

CHILI CHEESE LOG

- 1 lb. sharp cheese
- 1 cup pecans
- 1 clove garlic, mashed

Put all through food chopper.

Mix with 1 3-oz. package cream cheese. Form into roll and roll in chili powder. This is also very good if rolled in curry powder instead of the chili.

SOUR CREAM DIP

- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise
- 4 hard cooked eggs diced
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped green onions, tops included
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Tabasco (optional)
- 2 tablespoons chili sauce

AVOCADO DIP

Mash 2 large avocados and stir in 1 cup dairy sour cream, 1 package onion soup mix and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Tabasco. Serve as a dip with potato chips or crackers.

SHRIMP DIP

- 1 8 oz. package cream cheese
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ can Red Kettle Onion Soup
- Mix, stirred to mix before using
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped shrimp
- dash of Tabasco sauce

Have cheese soft and blend with milk until smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients and chill. If too thick to dip, add a little milk until of desired consistency.

BLACK BEAN DIP

- 1 can black bean soup
 - 2 3 oz. packages cream cheese
 - 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
 - 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
 - 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - salt and pepper to taste
- Combine soup, cheese, onion, parsley, mayonnaise and seasonings in small bowl of electric mixer. Beat on medium speed until well blended and smooth. Chill for several hours, but remove from refrigerator 30 minutes before serving, so it will soften a little.

GLAZED EGG AND CAVIAR CANAPES

Top a small round of buttered rye bread with a slice of hard boiled egg. Place a teaspoon of caviar on yolk. Spoon lemon-herb glaze over all.

PECAN CHEESE ROLL

- 1 8 oz. package cream cheese
- 1 small jar of Cheddar cheese
- 1 small jar Blue cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon onion salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coarsely chopped pecans

Have cheeses at room temperature so they will be soft enough to mix. Blend all ingredients together except pecans, until they are well mixed; a pastry blender or fork are best for this. When all blended so that it does not look streaky, roll in the pecans forming 1 or 2 rolls about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Place on serving plate surrounded with a variety of crackers.

TOASTED WALNUT CLAM ROLL

- 1 can minced clams
 - 2 8 oz. packages cream cheese
 - 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 - garlic salt to taste
 - $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped toasted walnuts
- Drain clams well; soften cream cheese and blend with clams until smooth. Beat in onion, lemon juice and garlic salt. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts. Turn mixture out on foil or waxed paper. Shape into 2 logs $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter by rolling back and forth. Roll in remaining walnuts until well coated. Wrap in foil and chill several hours before using. Cut into slices and place on crackers.

LEMON-HERB GLAZE

- $1\frac{2}{3}$ cups water
 - $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried dill
 - 1 package lemon Jello
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 - dash of cayenne
 - 3 tablespoons vinegar
- Simmer water with peppercorns, bay leaf and dill, covered for about 10 minutes. Strain. Dissolve gelatin, salt and cayenne in the hot liquid; add vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened. Spoon over canapes to cover. Chill until very firm.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Ghost Town Revives . . .

To the Editor: Readers who enjoyed the story about Tyrone, N. M. in the February issue will be interested to know Phelps Dodge Corp. plans to establish a huge openpit copper mine there and will eventually employ some 1100 persons.

F. E. McCORD,
Indio, California.

One-upmanship . . .

To the Editor: For over ten years I have deplored incorrect reporting of places and incidents in Baja California. I had hoped you would be different. I am not the foremost expert on the peninsula, but having spent nearly all my spare time there for over ten years, it would be logical that I would know more than a person having made only a few trips. If you wish to take advantage of this experience, I stand ready to assist you in accurate reporting. I have underlined the statements in your articles which I take exception to and placed my comments in the margins.

GLENN VARGAS,
Thermal, California.

Editor's comment: The exceptions Mr. Vargas took to the "Magic of Baja" series included almost every paragraph, but he is particularly vehement in claiming there is a well-established coastal road between Las Flores and El Barril. Mr. Vargas, however, has never traveled this imagined road and we take exception to his inaccurate reporting. Such untrue claims are dangerous because they might lure unsuspecting motorists into this area where distances are too long for the average motorist to get out of on foot. This unfounded rumor perpetrated by Glenn Vargas should be squelched before it causes a tragedy. L. Burr Belden, an acknowledged Baja travel authority whose letter appears below, substantiates our accuracy in reporting that the Gardner expedition was first to cover this region by vehicle and that others who have tried have failed.

DESERT's editor makes no pretense to authority, other than what has been observed within the scope of 14 trips deep into Baja—three with Erle Stanley Gardner expeditions. The others with DESERT publisher Jack Pepper, have been undertaken in vehicles designed to carry us to destinations far from the usual tourist routes. We have covered Baja with Gardner in chartered planes, landing in areas without air strips in order to explore unknown regions. We have covered almost every part of Baja north of El Coyote Bay in land vehicles, like the Grasshopper, which have carried us and our equipment into terrain it would be impossible to reach by other means. We have traveled all of the popular routes and most offshoots in 4-wheel drive vehicles. We have explored by helicopter areas of Baja never seen by modern man. We possess one of the most complete private libraries on Baja history in existence and we have absorbed what these books have to offer.

We are eager for constructive contributions to pass onto readers interested in our neighboring land and we consider constructive controversy most valuable. However, since Mr. Vargas has not personally visited most of the terrain covered in this series, we must decline his offer to help us attain accuracy in reporting. Only through the eyes of one who has seen it should it be described. C.P.

It is Not a Mission . . .

To the Editor: Each time I read a new installment on your Magic of Baja I wish I could look forward to seeing it published in book form! I am currently annotating the 1849 overland trip of Jabez D. Hawks from Punta Santo Domingo up to San Diego via the central trail to San Borja and thence by the coast. It will be one in Dawson's Baja Calif. Travel Series and, of course, necessitates a bit of a refresher on Jesuit trails. I noted some puzzlement in your July installment over the ruins at Las Animas. I think your party stumbled on the remaining walls and corral fences of an asistencia to the San Borja Mission. Gardner is the only one to succeed in traversing a coastal route from Las Flores to El Barril. Dick Daggett tried it once and lost a truck in an arroyo. The Auto Club also tried unsuccessfully from both ends. Each year we learn more about the fabulous peninsula. Sometime when you go farther south, try getting beyond Puerto Escondido and Liguí, at least to Dolores del Sur, and see if there are any traces left of the trail over to Gonzaga that existed in the time of Fr. Baegert.

L. BURR BELDEN,
The Sun Telegram
San Bernardino, California.

It is a Mission . . .

To the Editor: Your speculation that the ruins you wrote about in the 2nd Magic of Baja series were those of the Mision de Santa Maria Magdalena (empezada) is well founded. While researching for a book I am writing about Baja, "Bullion, Bells and Buccaneers," I came across a map printed in 1919 which pinpoints Santa Maria along the old Golfo Camino in the same location as you note. On this map, Santa Maria is bordered on the west by the Desierto de Santa Maria.

JEAN HOLLINGSWORTH,
South Laguna, California.

Hussey and McKay . . .

To the Editor: In the Aug/Sept. issue a reader asked if anyone had historical information on Hussey and McKay. In Sacramento there are two streets in close proximity—one named Hussey Drive, the other McKay Street. Their origins may have some bearing on the matter.

DON FERREL,
Orange, California.

Fireless Cooking in the Past . . .

To the Editor: Cooking in a hole can be a problem where open fires are prohibited. The busy women who crossed the plains in covered wagons put anything that required lots of time into a Dutch oven until thoroughly heated, then wrapped the oven in feather quilts for nine hours to cook. When these gals settled in their new homes, a box filled with hay was substituted for the blankets so Ma could cook while she shot redskins with one hand and rocked a cradle with the other.

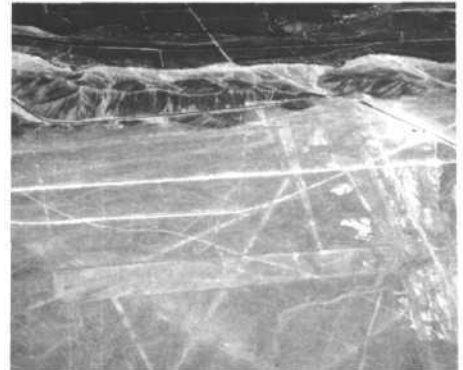
HOWARD BERMAN,
San Pedro, California.

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Space Men, What? . . .

To the Editor: The maze you wrote about in the October issue reminds me of the straight line patterns of UFO sightings . . . similar, in fact, to our own route diagrams for air travel. Maybe that's what they are, directional signs for travelers from outer space.

CARRIE PORTER,
Raphine, Virginia.



Amazed at Maze . . .

To the Editor: I was interested in your maze article because of the suggested similarity to the Lines of Nazca in Peru. I was privileged to see these in 1960. The above photo was taken from 5000 feet and shows just a small portion of the total lines. Unfortunately, they have been driven over, but it is easy to differentiate between the roads cutting across and the prehistoric lines, which are slightly angular and converging. The Nazca lines are made like the intaglios at Blythe, but are in no sense windrows, as the Needles maze appears to be. But the land differs too, so they should differ. The Nazca lines and accompanying figures were constructed on a high plateau with no overlooking hills for determining perspective. Patterns must have been used to lay them out. Think of the accuracy of patterns and the means of construction by a race of people already forgotten when the Inca reigned 2000 years ago!

JAMES PRICE,
Barstow, California.

Lost Cabin Mine . . .

To the Editor: After reading the article about Nevada's Lost Mines in Aug/Sept. DESERT, we went to Lundy, near Tonopah, to look for the Lost Cabin Mine. The old town was almost gone, but a few shacks remain above the lake. While there, we met a Forest Ranger who said there was a place high in the Mono Mountains about four miles from Lundy, just as we described it, and the mine was being worked in the summer. As it was winter and the snow deep, we gave up, but we're convinced it is the Lost Cabin Mine. We enjoyed the experience and when we have another chance we plan to look for another lost mine.

MRS. PAULINE NUNN,
Laytonville, California.

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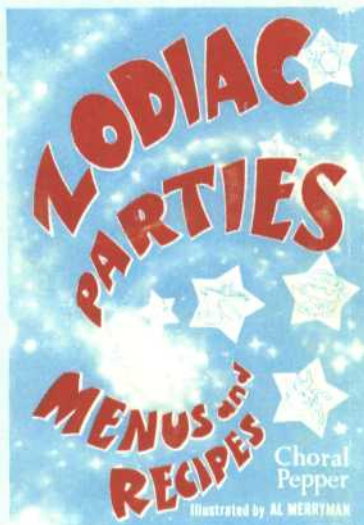
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